

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,034

SEPTEMBER 21, 1889



THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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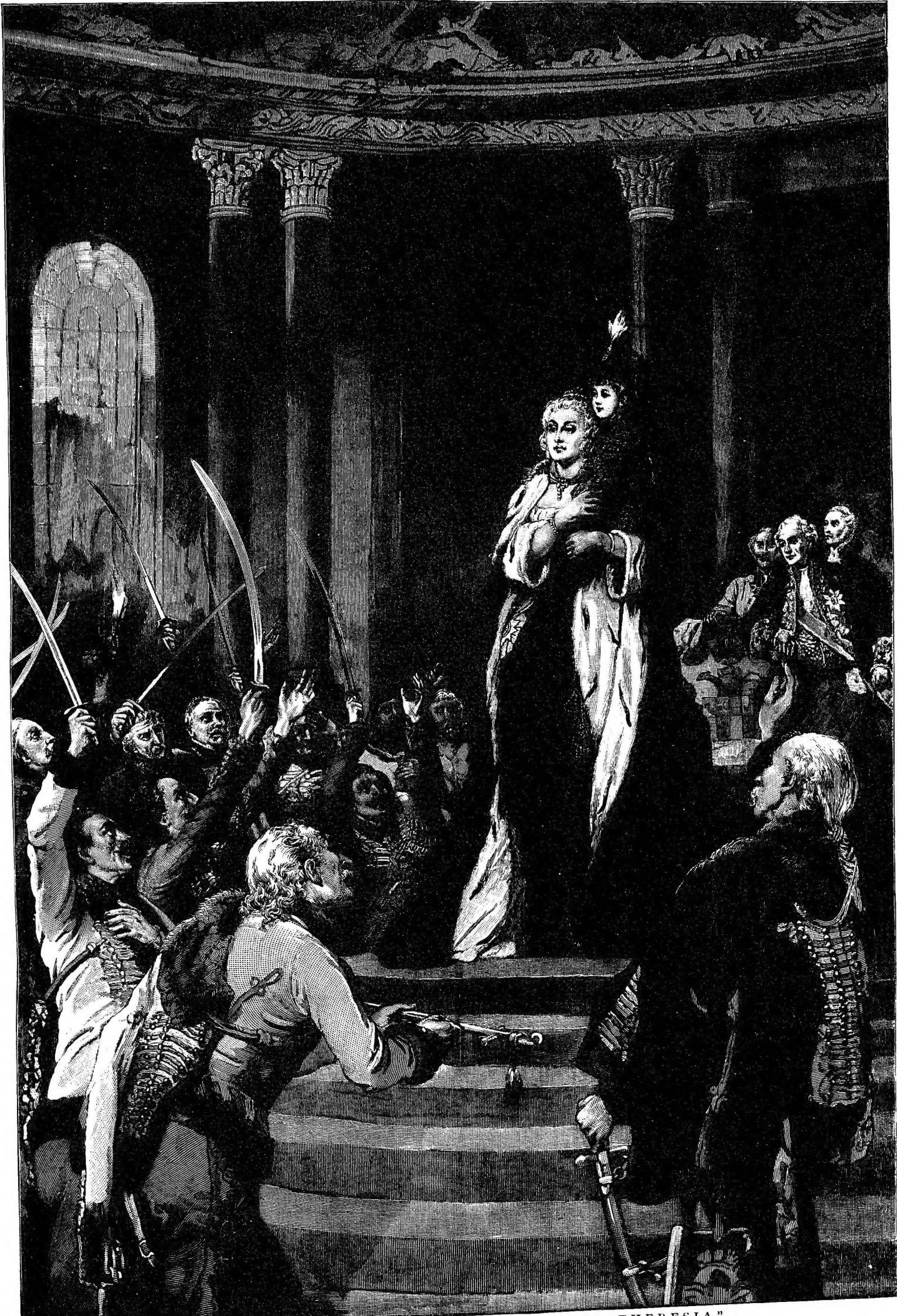
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

[PRICE NINEPENCE
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"MORIAMUR PRO REGE NOSTRO MARIA THERESIA"

FROM THE PICTURE BY LASLETT J. POTT, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

She convoked an assembly of the States, and, clad in mourning and with her child, afterwards the Emperor Joseph II., in her arms, addressed the assembly with forcible eloquence. She presented her son to the several nobles one by one. They all swore to defend him and protect him. At last they drew their swords and cried out unanimously, "Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresia!" "Let us die for our king Maria Theresia!"

Topics of the Week

FEDERATION OF LABOUR.—The dockers' strike had one special feature of its own, differentiating it from all previous industrial complications in this country : it was kept going, not by the resources of a trade union, nor out of the savings of the men ; the dockers had neither one nor the other at their call. Starved into submission, therefore, they must have been, and very quickly, too, but for the monetary help they received from workmen entirely unconnected with their industry. Other classes subscribed something, it is true ; but the greater part of the money which reached Mr. Burns came from the masses, at home and abroad. He may fairly claim, therefore, to have done more by his peaceful methods to promote the "federation of labour" than the International Society and the Knights of Labour ever accomplished by resorting to violence. In itself, the principle of an industrial combination including the whole civilised world is perfectly legitimate. One may question, perhaps, whether it would hold together when exposed to the strain of international rivalry in trade. If, for instance, English iron-workers found that Germany was taking away their trade by producing more cheaply, we feel pretty sure that the common sense of our toilers would cause them not only to consent to, but to clamour for, a reduction of wages. Or, if British capital began to migrate to countries where it could earn larger profits, English workmen would take alarm at once on seeing the area of employment narrowing. These are the real rocks ahead of the "federation of labour," which, after all, is merely trade unionism writ very large indeed. We are assuming, of course, that persuasion, and no stronger force, would be resorted to in carrying on the campaign, and of that society has some earnest in the brilliant success which has just attended the first experiment run on these lines. But it would undoubtedly be an extremely critical situation were federated labour to find itself faced at every point by federated capital.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.—On the 25th of September, 1792, France was declared to be a Republic. On the 22nd of September, 1889, she has practically to say whether she will remain a Republic still. It is true that the question will not be actually settled to-morrow. There are more than 1,800 candidates for the 560 arrondissements ; and it is certain, therefore, that second ballots will be required in many instances. Still, to-morrow will show in which direction the tide is flowing—whether with the present rulers of France, or with the accumulated forces of discontent which have gathered together under the name of Boulangism. It is impossible to gauge the situation with any certainty ; but it may be said that the General's chances do not appear so good as they were some months ago. When he was elected for Paris by such an overwhelming majority, it looked as if he would sweep the country ; but many things have happened since then, and the municipal elections, if they can be taken as any guide, certainly looked as if he had lost rather than gained ground. On the whole, we fancy that England has more to gain, or, at any rate, less to lose, by the success of the moderate Republicans. France has certainly been less aggressive under the Republic than she was under the Empire, and it can hardly be doubted that General Boulanger's success would mean a long period of turbulence, and, finally, the establishment of some sort of dictatorship. It is by no means sure, however, as we have hinted above, that the General will be successful. He has a most dangerous rival in the person of that quiet-looking engineer, M. Eiffel. In this way. M. Eiffel made the Tower; the Tower, to a great extent, made the success of the Exhibition ; and the success of the Exhibition has made content a large number of previously discontented Frenchmen. The Frenchman loves glory : he has this year enjoyed the peaceful glory of seeing all the world admiring the splendour of the Paris Exhibition. Is it certain that he is so anxious as some people make out to exchange this peaceful glory for the military triumphs that General Boulanger has not scrupled to promise him ? To-morrow we shall see.

MILITARY INSUBORDINATION.—During the last few months there have been several cases pointing to some deterioration of discipline in the army. The evil has not yet gone to a dangerous length, but the recent outbreak at Woolwich, which some sympathetic papers toned down to "a strike," would have entailed very serious punishment under the stern *régime* of the Iron Duke. It is foolishness, and worse than foolishness, for tender-hearted people to deprecate severity in these cases. A standing army without rigid discipline would be a standing danger. If soldiers feel themselves aggrieved in any way, they can make formal complaint to the inspecting officer. But they can never have any valid excuse for refusing to obey the orders of those in authority over them, provided the orders are within the four corners of the law. Officers of the old school will, no doubt, set down the increase of insubordination to the abolition of flogging. There may be some small connection between the two, but a more powerful factor is the exciting influence of strikes on the

younger soldiers. They see the men, whose comrades they were a little time ago, waging war against their employers, for one reason or another ; and it gets into the youthful warriors' heads that they, too, are "down-trodden" and tyrannised over. From that state of mind to an insubordinate outbreak is but a short step, there always being some evil adviser to encourage the foolish young fellows to "stand up for their rights." There is only one way of dealing effectually with this sort of offence : quick and sharp punishment for one and all. And it is the most merciful method in the long run : the better the discipline of a regiment, the less is its crime, and the greater are the contentment and happiness of the soldiers. An easy-going, soft-hearted commanding officer does even more harm than a martinet : the men know what to make of the latter ; but they are puzzled and led into trouble by the amiability of the former.

"THE UNSPEAKABLE."—That was a timely letter from Woods Pasha which was published in the *Times* on Wednesday. There is, certainly, a good deal of inconsistency about the attitude which many people in England assume towards the Turk. To them he is "The Unspeakable," and accordingly they talk a great deal about him. Any tale of tyranny or outrage which comes from the Ottoman dominions is greedily swallowed upon the flimsiest authority, and particular cases are made the excuse for the most general denunciations. If this sort of deduction is to be allowed, the Turk might justly, as Woods Pasha pointed out, draw the most terrible conclusions from the murders in Whitechapel, and the other horrors of our police reports. Yet when a case of outrage occurs on the utmost limits of the Turkish Empire there is a certain section of the English Press which at once holds up its hands, and shrieks aloud for the removal of Turkey from the map of Europe. And it must be remembered, moreover, that if the Government of the Porte is not all that could be desired, it is to a large extent the other nations of Europe which are responsible. They have interfered so much with the affairs of Turkey, have whittled away so much of her territory, and thrown such discredit upon her, that it is hardly surprising if the Sultan has lost some of his authority, and if his arm is not always long enough to reach the evil-doer. Russia, of course, is always on the watch to profit by any of these tales of misgovernment, and must be delighted to see British Turcophobes rising to the bait, for anything which injures Turkey assists the Muscovite in his designs on the Balkan Peninsula. As we have no particular reason to love Russia, it would, perhaps, be as well for us to be less ready to abuse Turkey.

EXPLOSIVES AND EXPERTS.—It would be futile to hope that the inquiry which has been, according to the Continental system, opened at Antwerp, will throw much light upon the terribly disastrous explosion of the 6th inst. The absence of any direct evidence, owing to the fact that all the workpeople were killed, renders it hopeless to expect that any satisfactory conclusion will be arrived at as to the cause of the disaster. The curious commentary upon Continental methods afforded by the disagreement between the Administration Communale (which was unanimously in favour of confirming the decision of the city engineer that "no human reason could justify the granting of permission" to M. Corvilain to carry on his work of breaking up old cartridges in the place chosen) and the Provincial Council, which, with equal readiness, granted the license asked for, does not induce us to put much confidence in Belgian procedure, whether before or after a catastrophe of this kind. But an altogether exceptional interest attaches to the communication which Captain Shaw has addressed from Antwerp relative to the explosion and its lessons. Experts, like doctors, differ, and it is not to be expected that Captain Shaw's views will be accepted without reserve. Nor, indeed, do they do much to elucidate the mystery. Captain Shaw ridicules the notion that the cartridges stored in bulk were the instruments of the enormous explosive force developed, and still holds to the belief that a red-hot rod might be inserted into a case without anything happening beyond the ignition of individual cartridges successively. There were, it seems, at most, only a few hundredweights of loose powder on the premises at the time, and tons would not have excavated the huge craters found on M. Corvilain's ground. It seems, therefore, to be clear that, unless all experience in dealing with ammunition in bulk is to be falsified, we must adopt the conclusion that some explosive was present of which nothing has been said. But, be this as it may—and it is by no means an unimportant matter—it is satisfactory to know that Captain Shaw strongly condemns the policy of introducing explosives into such neighbourhoods at all. This view will be emphasised by the fact that another explosion, happily not attended with any fatalities, has just occurred at M. Corvilain's son's factory for the conversion of old cartridges at Paris.

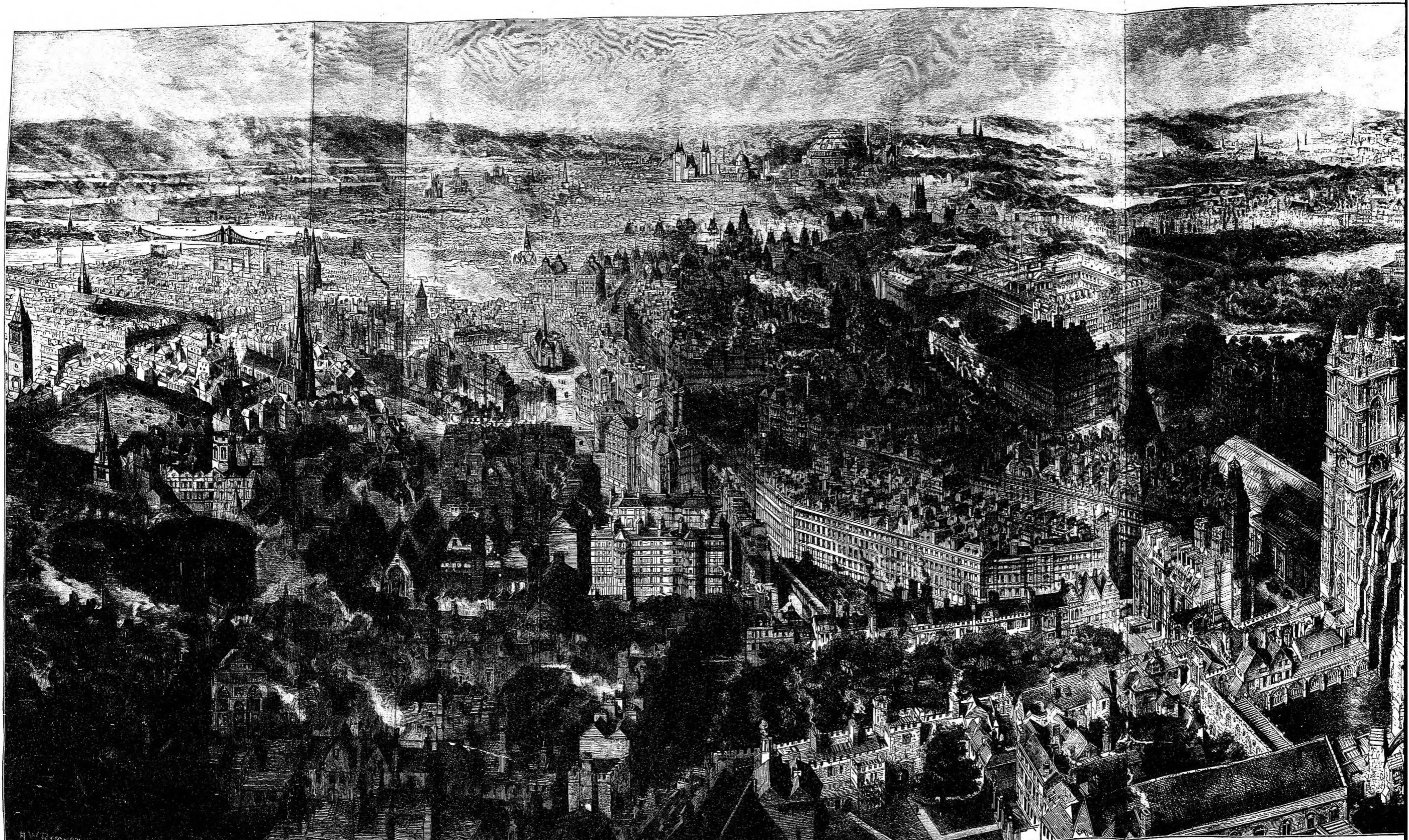
THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION.—Not a moment too soon, nor without full provocation, the Indian Government has directed three columns to enter the Lushai country, and subjugate its irrepressible tribes. Our recent annexation of Upper Burma greatly facilitates this conquest. It enables us to advance on the hillmen from two opposite points, thus preventing them from falling back to inaccessible places like

the Tibetans the other day. It may appear, to those unacquainted with the country and its inhabitants, that the force about to be hurled against them is out of all proportion to the work it will have to perform. The Lushais and Chins are brave enough, but their fighting strength is not formidable, while their arms are beneath contempt. Their main power of resistance lies in the ruggedness of the country they inhabit, and in their mobility. Like the clans on the Peshawur frontier, they are up to every move in mountain warfare, and were their subjugation attempted with insufficient means to hem them in, they would break up into small bodies, and play a game of hide-and-seek till our troops retired. It is very much the same situation as presented itself when the Black Mountain tribes compelled Lord Dufferin to send a punitive expedition against them. Like them, the Lushais and Chins, encouraged by long impunity, have carried their depredations to an intolerable extent, trusting to the inaccessibility of their country for safety should the Feringhis march against them. And as in the former case, so in this, a force is employed of such overwhelming strength as to ensure quick success. There the parallel ends ; Lord Dufferin allowed the Black Mountaineers to retain their freedom after they had been duly punished ; Lord Lansdowne with, perhaps, more wisdom, has resolved to kill, not merely scotch, the snake that before now has caused trepidation even at Calcutta.

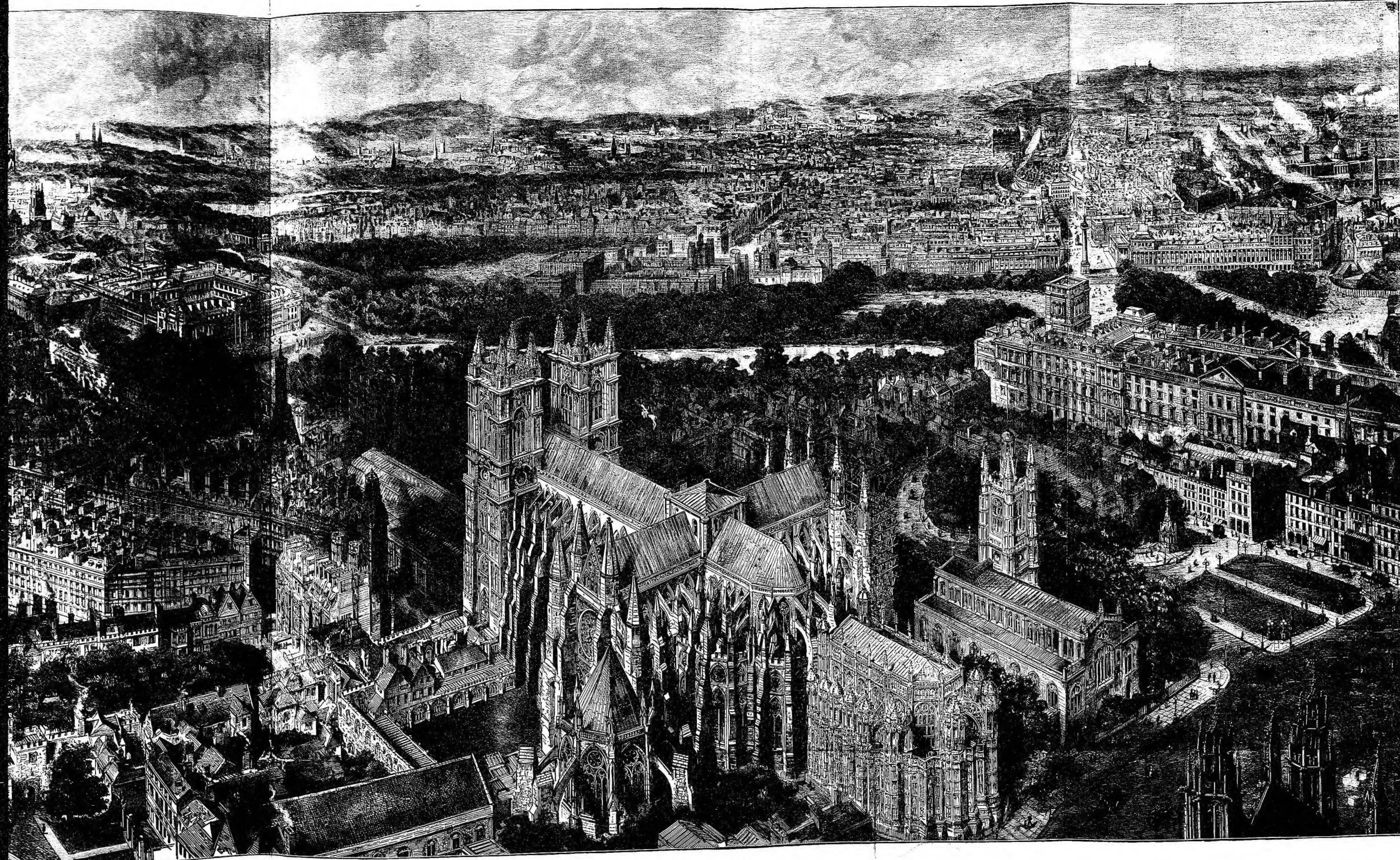
SCIENTISTS AT PLAY.—To the ordinary mind it is not a little bewildering to even glance through the list of subjects with which our men of science, as represented in the proceedings of the British Association, elect to amuse themselves during the holidays. Not that many of the papers are not interesting enough in themselves, but the number and diversity of the sectional meetings probably lead most people to wish that they could take doses of this kind in small quantities. Two, at least, of the discussions of the week have, however, certainly been redeemed from dullness. Heredity is a subject of widespread interest, and it is satisfactory to know that, in Sir W. Turner's view, the human frame can never attain to any greater perfection than it now possesses. This at least seems to be a satisfactory retort to those who are always talking about the decadence of the human race. Left-leggedness is a topic which does not at first sight seem susceptible of scientific treatment, but Dr. Sibley has advanced the problem one degree nearer solution. The late Charles Reade was, we all know, of opinion that man was an ambidextrous animal, and that it was only a question of using both hands to make them equally serviceable. But it seems to be a tolerably well ascertained fact that most of us are right-handed and left-legged not so much from habit as from intuition. The left leg seems to act as a sort of natural counterpoise to the right hand. It is unfortunate that this seems to point to our having once been once fourfooted.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—Brother Jonathan is crowing pretty lustily over his new battle-ship, the *Baltimore*. He is fully entitled to bounce a bit ; until this fine vessel went through her trials, the outside world rather scoffed at the idea of any fighting craft worthy of notice being turned out of an American yard. There she is, however—"the fastest war-ship afloat," as our cousins make boast. Perhaps that may be going a little too far ; we know, from painful experience, that the speed attained during trials usually suffers considerable diminution after the vessel is put into commission. Even, however, after due allowance for that possibility, the *Baltimore* may claim a leading position among the fastest craft of her size in the world, and speed promises to be half the battle in naval warfare under its new conditions. Our experts will, no doubt, pick holes in her design ; the public may expect to hear that she can only carry coals for a few days' steaming, or that her stability is equivocal, or that she is deficient either in offensive or defensive power. But our cousins need not mind these criticisms ; are they not passed on every warship which leaves the stocks in England ? The question of real interest is whether the framework of the *Baltimore* is sufficiently strong to bear the vibration created by her enormously powerful engines. Russia, it will be remembered, built some splendid craft to look at, but each and all proved to be lamentably weak owing to the inferiority of material and workmanship. Until, therefore, the *Baltimore* has been in commission for some time, and exposed to the test of wear and tear it will be too early to judge whether American yards stand on a level with English in the manufacture of first-class battle ships. In not a few instances we have obtained speed at too dear a price.

LONG-DISTANCE RACES.—Apologists for horse-racing always put in the fore-front of their arguments the assertion that racing tends to improve the breed of horses. In the past, no doubt, it has effected much in this direction, but he would be a bold man who would say that the process of improvement is still going on. In speed the English racer is still all that can be desired, but in stamina he is too often sadly deficient. This has been especially noticeable this year. In the Cup races, which used at one time to attract fairly large fields, there are seldom now more than three or four runners, and those of the most inferior class.



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE WEST END OF
DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER



VIEW OF THE WEST END OF LONDON
DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER

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at Doncaster last week, for example, the Cup was won by Claymore. In fact, there are not wanting good judges to declare that Trayles is the only animal now in training with any pretensions to Cup form, and this is borne out by the fact that in the Cesarewitch (only two miles and a quarter, as it remembered) he is set to give his nearest opponent nine pounds. There are hardly more acceptances, indeed, for the long-distance handicap than there used to be runners some years ago. It is not difficult to account for the decline. Owners cannot be expected to refrain from running their horses prematurely when such valuable stakes are offered for two-year-old races, or to have them trained for long-distance races when thousands may be won in a scamper of five or six furlongs. As to the remedy, that is not so easy to see. We do not advocate a return to the "four-mile heats" of a hundred years ago, but something might yet be done in the way of giving valuable stakes for long-distance races; or it may be that once again the New World will have to be called in to redress the balance of the Old. Australian horses, like Australian athletes, are credited with better staying-powers than their home-grown rivals. Perhaps, then, Kirkham and Narellan, the two horses which the Hon. J. White has sent over to this country to run in next year's Derby, will prove that the race of stayers is not yet extinct.

BETHNAL GREEN POOR'S LANDS.—The scheme of the Charity Commissioners, or, strictly speaking, a modification of it which is very widely supported, promises to afford a satisfactory conclusion to the old difficulty of the management of the Bethnal Green poor's lands. This ground was, it will be remembered, purchased and enclosed by a number of contributors two hundred years ago. It has been managed by trustees under a deed which prohibited them from building upon it, or throwing it open to the public; and in fact practically obliged them to let it out at a rental, of which the surplus over and above expenses was given away to poor parishioners. The lands have hitherto fetched about 120*l.* a year from a private lunatic asylum, and although this has since been increased to 500*l.* a year, that sum is, of course, much less than the interest on the price of 18,000*l.*, which has been offered by the Guardians and the Vestry. The proposal that half the land shall be thrown open as a garden and recreation ground is highly satisfactory, since one of the most pressing wants of the inhabitants of such a poor and populous neighbourhood as Bethnal Green would certainly be thus supplied. The proposed vestry and infirmary can well enough be built on the other half, and if the trustees can advance a sum of 4,500*l.* towards a free library, and still have a sum of 13,500*l.* available for the purpose of being invested for the payment of pensions to deserving and aged poor, much will have been made out of little. Seldom, perhaps, has any local charity been "improved" to such good advantage.

STREET NAMES.—A correspondent of the *Standard* has been calling attention to the want of some settled plan for the naming of suburban thoroughfares. His chief complaint is that the word "Street" has been abandoned for the word "Road." A street of forty houses, perhaps, "leading from nowhere to nowhere," is dubbed a "Road," from an idea apparently, that "Street" is old-fashioned and insignificant. This, however, is a comparatively minor cause of complaint. There is little to choose in the way of antiquity between "Street" and "Road," and it would puzzle most people to give a very clear definition of the difference between them. "Road," it is true, sounds a little more rural, and that probably accounts for the house-speculator's preference for it. There is a good deal more reason to complain of the "Parks" without a blade of grass, and the "Avenues" with never a tree, which have become so numerous of late years. Most of all, however, to be reproved is the extraordinary lack of originality exhibited by the sponsors of our streets. They go hammering on at the same old names, without even a thought, apparently, of all the trouble that they are laying up for belated travellers, cabmen, and Post Office officials. A reference to the Post Office Guide will show that there are still far more York Roads, Queen Streets, George Streets, and so on (though of late years something has been done to diminish their number) than there ought to be in one city and in the course of the year much trouble and expense must be caused by the uncertainty as to which is which. It would be well if in future the local authorities would carefully consider the proposed names of streets, with a view to avoiding this confusion. Even London, with its miles of thoroughfare, cannot yet have exhausted all the names available.

ICONOCLASM IN CHURCHES.—It is not long since there was a spirited controversy in the daily papers as to the desirability of leaving churches open at all times to all comers, and, as a result, many of their custodians professed themselves to be convinced that this was at once desirable and feasible. Not a few of these will, we do not doubt, hasten to qualify that opinion both in theory and practice now that we are being overwhelmed with evidence as to the wholesale way in which monumental brasses have become "lost, stolen, or strayed." If there is one fact which has been abundantly established by the revelations of depreda-

tions old and new, which have been made public during the last few days, it is that the tourist is not to be trusted out of sight. It is needless to recapitulate the long list of missing brasses which could be easily drawn up on these data. From all parts of the country comes the same story. As usual, a great deal of this iconoclasm is, doubtless correctly enough, put down to the "restorer." We do not know how many veracious correspondents have testified to the fact that they have personally detected workmen in the act of frying bacon on some priceless brass, which has been ruthlessly torn up during the progress of the work of "restoration." And all this, or much of it, is doubtless true enough. It is also, we conceive, undeniable that there is a good deal of reprehensible carelessness at the bottom of many of these disappearances of priceless relics. But are collectors wholly free from blame? They are commonly believed to be not so very immaculate either in their methods or morals. And, it may be asked, would brasses, like other rarities, be stolen if there were no receivers? It is, of course, out of the question to suppose that collectors could themselves be the thieves.

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LYCEUM.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.

LYCEUM.—Mr. HENRY IRVING begs to announce that the LYCEUM THEATRE will OPEN on SATURDAY, September 28, when, at 8 o'clock, will be presented, for the first time under his Management, the Drama in Prologue and Three Acts, of *THE DEAD HEART*, a Story of the French Revolution, by Watts Phillps. Revised by Walter H. Pollock.

Robert Landry - - - - - Mr. Henry Irving.
Catherine Duval - - - - - Miss Ellen Terry.
The Abbé Latour - - - - - Mr. Bancroft.
Legrand, Mr. Arthur Stirling; Trompet, Mr. E. Righton; Cerisette, Miss Kate Phillips; the Count de St. Valérie, Mr. Hayland; Arthur de St. Valérie, his son, Mr. Gordon Craig (his first appearance on the stage); Reboul, Mr. F. Tyars; Mr. Harvey, Mr. Archer, Mr. Black, Mr. Raynor, Mr. Davis, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Clifford, Mrs. Carter, Miss Coleridge, aristocrats, people, gendarmes, gaolers, &c. Periods, 1771, 1789, 1794, Paris. The scenery by Mr. W. Telbin, Mr. Barker, and Mr. Hawes Craven. Prologue: Scene 1, The Garden of the Château de la Belle Jardinière. Scene 2, A Street; Scene 3, Bedchamber of Catherine Duval. Act I: Scene 1, the Ballroom; Scene 2, Apartment in the Hotel St. Valérie; Scene 3, The Café Jourdain. Act II: Scene 1, Entrance to the Prison of the Conciergerie; Scene 2, Corridor in the Prison; Scene 3, Room in the Prison. Act III: Scene 1, Outside the Prison; Scene 2, Room in the Prison. The overture, entr'actes, and incidental music composed expressly by M. Jacob. The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Mercede Ball.

The costumes from designs by Mr. Joseph Greco, Mr. Margetson, and Mrs. Comyns Carr, executed by Auguste et Cie, Pipe and Magill, Leon Leder et Fils, Mrs. Reid, &c. The dance in the Prologue and Revolutionary Dance by Mons. Espinosa, of the Reichsallee Theatre, Berlin. Ferruguer, Mr. Fox, Machinist, Mr. Fillery, Appointments by Mr. Arnott. The box-office, under the direction of Mr. Hurst, open every day from 10 until 5 o'clock.

Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.

Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday.

Acting manager, Mr. Bram Stoker.—LYCEUM.

THE DEAD HEART.—The Play of "The Dead Heart," a Story of the French Revolution, is illustrative of the momentous quarter century which ended with the Reign of Terror, and embraces three periods of French history—markedly distinct in ideas, art, dress, and material prosperity. The first period—that of the Prologue—shows France under the old régime. The second period—the first act of the play—shows the taking of the Bastille and the beginning of the overthrow of the aristocratic party; and the third period, which takes in the remainder of the action of the piece, is in the midst of the Terror, when the guillotine was claiming its victims by the thousand.—LYCEUM.

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BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING at Seven, HANDS ACROSS THE SEA. Misses Oliph Webb, M. Marshall, M. Griffiths, Howe, Morgan, Pettifer; Messrs. Algernon Sims, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardner, W. Glenny, G. B. Bigwood, H. Varna, Munro, Leigh. Concluding with UPSIDE DOWN.

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Paris : arr. 6.30 p.m. Victoria : dep. 7 p.m.
Improved Express Night Service Weekdays and Sundays.
London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class) dep. 8.50 p.m.
Victoria (West End) : 8.50 p.m. Paris (St. Lazare) : 8.50 p.m.
London Bridge (City) : 9 a.m. arr. London Bridge (City) : arr.
Paris (St. Lazare) : 8 a.m. Victoria (West End) : 7.40 a.m.
Fares Single, First 3s. 6d. Second 2s. 6d. Third 1s. 6d. 7.50 a.m.
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Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.
Cheap 14 Day Excursions from Victoria and London Bridge by the above service every Saturday evening.

Return Fares, 1st Class, 3s. 6d., 2nd Class, 2s. 6d., 3rd Class, 2s. 6d.
Tickets at the same fares are also issued every Saturday from all other principal Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway by all Ordinary Trains to Newhaven in time to connect with the above Service.

FOR full particulars, see Time Book, Tourists' Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 144, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, "A BIRD'S-EYE-VIEW OF THE WEST END OF LONDON," drawn by H. W. Brewer.



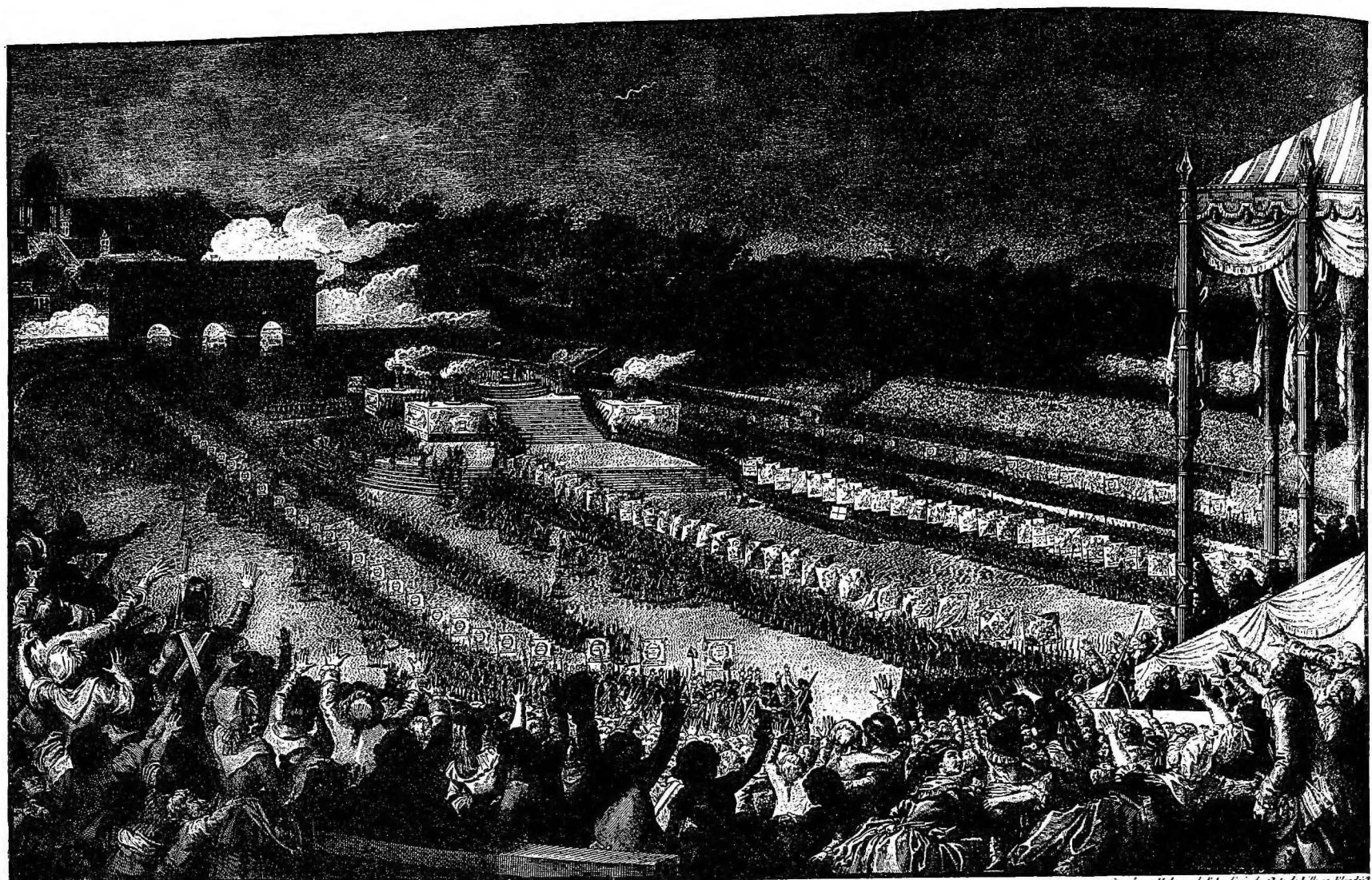
MARIA THEREZA AND THE HUNGARIANS

In this picture, which was exhibited in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy, Mr. Laslett J. Pott has illustrated the well-known incident in the Hungarian Parliament on September 21st, 1741, when Maria Theresa made a passionate appeal to the Hungarians for aid to defend her kingdom from the invading Germans, and, in the words of Carlyle, "threw herself upon their nobleness," declaring that she possessed "no allies but you in the world." While speaking, according to the favourite Hungarian version of the scene, the Queen held the child in her arms, and the sight so touched the wild Magyars' hearts that they flourished aloft their drawn swords, and shouting unanimously "Moriamur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresia!" voted the "Insurrection"—or general arming of Hungary—with all possible speed. The little Archduke, then only six months old, subsequently became the Emperor Joseph II.

COMMEMORATING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1790-1889

OUR first illustration depicts the historical commemorative fête in honour of the "Birth of Freedom," as the leaders of the French Revolution were wont to style that great inaugutive victory of the People over Monarchy—the taking of the Bastille. In 1790, Paris kept the first, and in 1889, the hundredth anniversary; and strange and striking are the contrasts afforded by the two celebrations of the downfall of what was regarded as the very essence of Monarchical tyranny. In 1790, the King was compelled to take part in what might be termed his own obsequies. In order to make the fête worthy of the occasion, Sir Archibald Alison writes in his "History of Europe"—"A confederation of the whole kingdom in the Champ de Mars was resolved upon, and there the King, the Deputies of eighty-four Departments, the Assembly, and the National Guard, were to take the oath to the Constitution. Every exertion was made to render the ceremony imposing. For several weeks before, almost the whole labouring population of Paris had been employed in constructing benches in the form of a theatre on the Champ de Mars, for the innumerable spectators who were expected; while the Municipality, the National Guard, and the Deputies vied with each other in their endeavours to signalise their appearance on the stage by the utmost magnificence. The presence of the Monarch, the National Assembly, a hundred thousand armed men, and above four hundred thousand spectators, it was justly supposed would impress the imagination of a people even less passionately devoted than the French to theatrical effects.

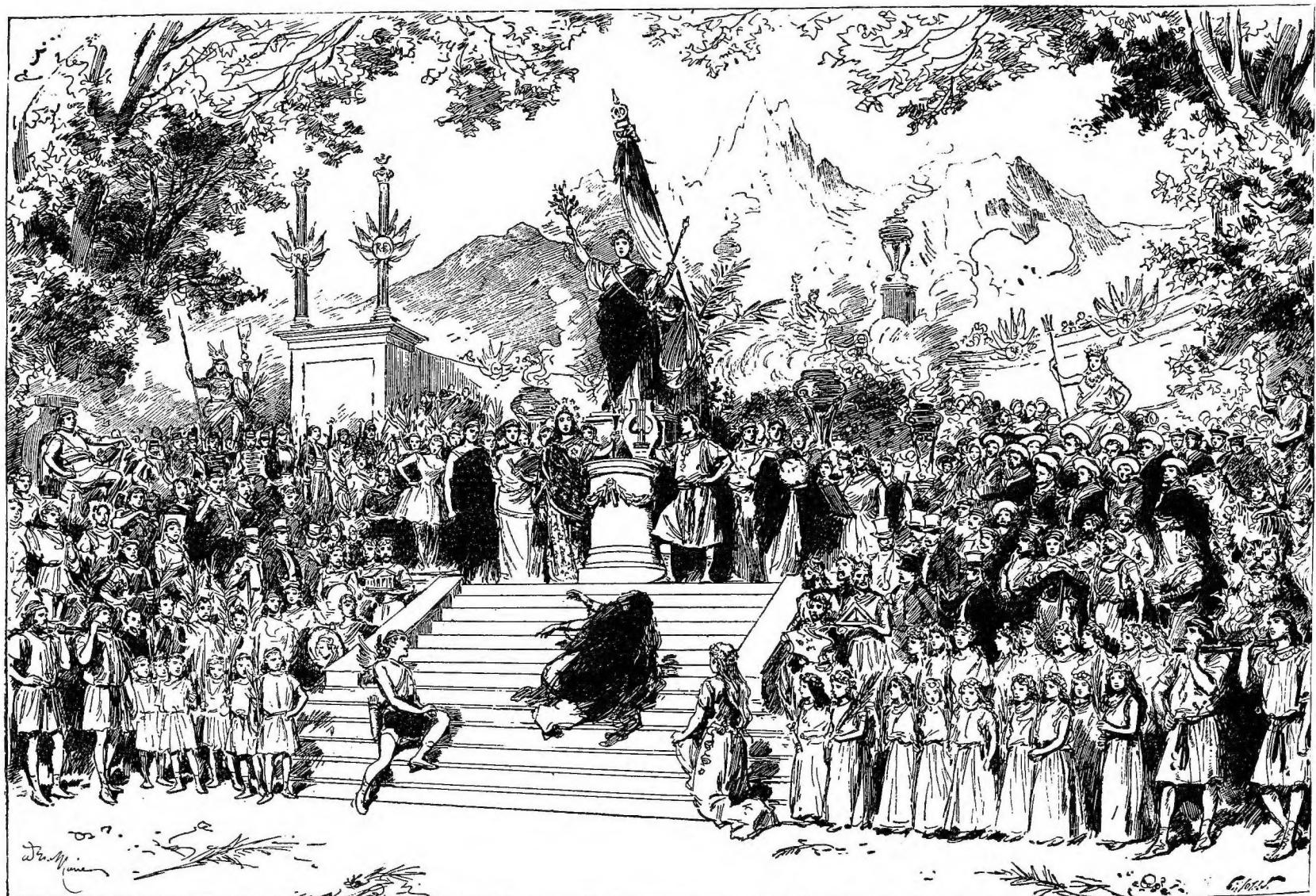
"Early in the morning of July 14th, all Paris was in motion. Four hundred thousand persons repaired with joyful steps to the Champ de Mars, and seated themselves, amidst songs of congratulation, upon the benches which surrounded the plain. At seven o'clock the procession advanced. The electors, the representatives of the Municipality, the presidents of the districts, the National Guards, the deputies of the army and of the Departments, thirty thousand strong, moved on in order, to the sound of military music, from the site of the Bastille, with banners floating, bearing patriotic inscriptions, and arrayed in varied and gorgeous habiliments. The splendid throng crossed the Seine by a bridge of boats opposite the Ecole Militaire, and entered the amphitheatre under a triumphal arch. They were there met by the King and the National Assembly at the foot of a great altar, erected, after the manner of the ancients, in the middle of the plain; at its foot was a model of the Bastille overturned. Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, and two hundred priests, dressed in tricolour robes, celebrated a high mass in presence of the assembled multitude; after which Lafayette, as the commander-in-chief of the National Guards of France, mounted on a superb white charger, advanced, and took the oath in the following terms:—We swear to be faithful to the nation, to the law, and to the King; to maintain with all our might the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly, and accepted by the King; and to remain united to all the French by the indissoluble bonds of fraternity." Immediately after, the president of the National Assembly and the king took the



Dessiné par C. Monnet, Peintre à l'Académie des Beaux-Arts de Lille en Belgique.

1790—THE FÊTE OF THE CONFEDERATION IN THE CHAMP DE MARS ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE

From a Print of the Period



1889—ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE "TRIUMPH OF THE REPUBLIC" IN THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE

COMMEMORATING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN PARIS



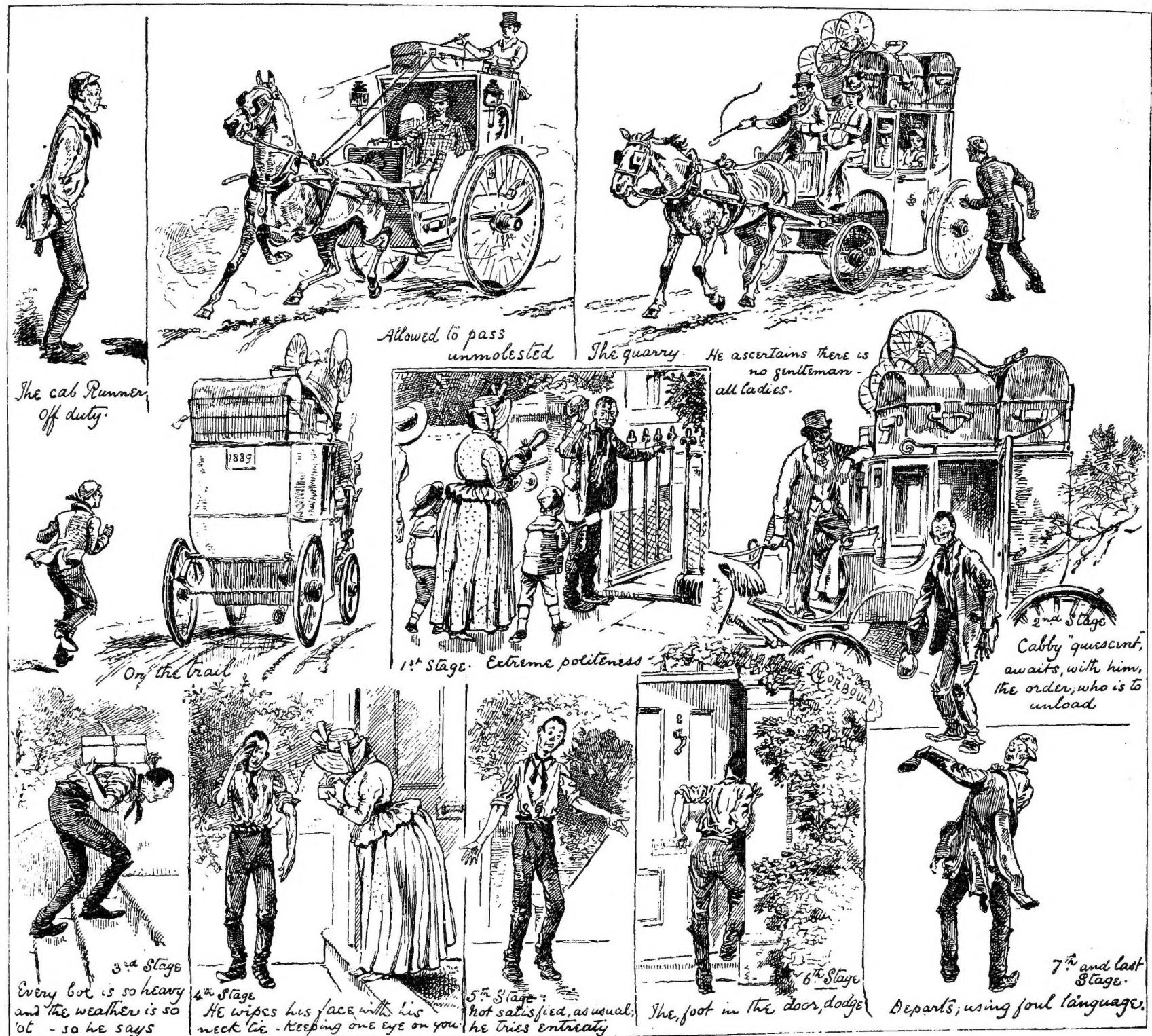
FIREMAN W. G. JACOBS
Burnt to death while on duty at the great fire at a
Chemical Factory at Wandsworth



SIR EDWARD STRICKLAND, K.C.B.
Commissariat and Transport Staff
Born 1821. Died at Sydney, July 18, 1889



MR. E. L. BLANCHARD
Dramatist and Critic
Born December 11, 1820. Died September 4, 1889



oath; and the queen, lifting the Dauphin in her arms, pledged herself for his adherence to the same sentiments. Discharges of artillery, the rolling of drums, the shouts of the multitude, and the clashing of arms, rent the skies at the auspicious event, which seemed to reunite the monarch and his subjects by the bonds of affection. But a dreadful storm arose at that instant; the lowering clouds discharged themselves in torrents of rain, and in an instant the innumerable spectators were drenched to the skin. It soon cleared up, however, and in the evening illuminations and festivities prevailed in Paris; and the King, in a concealed calèche, enjoyed the general expression of happiness. A ball took place upon the site of the Bastille; over the gate was this inscription, "Ici on danse."

Far different was the celebration of the centenary of the "Birth of Freedom" a few weeks since. The day, as before, was a national holiday, but the gala proceedings consisted mainly of a review of the troops by President Carnot, free performances at the opera and theatres, and a general illumination in the evening. Patriotic fêtes, however, have constantly succeeded each other since, and our illustration represents a pageant—"The Triumph of the Republic,"—organised last week at the ever useful Palais de l'Industrie by the Paris municipality. An ode had been written and music composed for the occasion by Miss Augusta Holmes, an English lady, and was performed on Wednesday week before an audience of some 20,000 persons. The performance began with a triumphal march and chorus in honour of the nations which have taken part in the Exhibition, and then came a series of symbolic processions, representing War, Peace, Labour and Industry, the Arts, &c, the most successful morceau, the *Daily News* tells us, being the chorus of children, who symbolised the Reign of Peace. Some of the little ones held wild animals in bondage with chains, of flowers, while others bore sheaves and armfuls of vine-branches laden with grapes. These having been grouped round an altar, the lights were lowered, and a funeral march heralded the entrance of a majestic woman, clad in deep mourning, with her hands fettered, and enveloped in a long black veil. As she advanced slowly towards the altar, all the different groups recognised the mourning woman as France, and joined in a hymn of prayer for her deliverance. As she listened to these strains, carried away by grief, she strove to raise her hands to heaven, to implore its aid. Then the Republic appeared on the altar. In a transport of joy, France made a final effort to be free, and snapped the chains which bound her. Her hands free, she tore off her black draperies, and was seen radiant in a tricoloured robe. Next the Republic sang a hymn of triumph, and France was led up to the altar, another triumphal pean being sung by the choir. The performance was eminently successful, and the profits were generously devoted to the sufferers by the Antwerp fire.

THE LATE E. L. BLANCHARD

By the death of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the theatrical world of London loses one of its best known figures. For many years past the kindly and intellectual face and the snowy hair of Mr. Blanchard were familiar in the Strand and at first nights at the theatres. The Strand was Mr. Blanchard's home. There, or in the immediate neighbourhood, his life-work was carried on, and in chambers high up in the Adelphi he was accustomed to receive his friends, and entertain them with his stores of knowledge and recollections of the stage of other days. Quite recently he was compelled to relinquish these rooms to make way for the members of the Savage Club. There has been some discussion as to Mr. Blanchard's age, and it has been said that his white hair and bowed figure made him look older than he really was. At his funeral in the Kensington Cemetery, at Hanwell, on the 10th inst., the coffin plate bore the words, "Born December 11, 1820," and this should set the matter at rest. He was the son of William Blanchard, a well-known comedian of Covent Garden, and before he was twenty-five young Blanchard was the editor of *Chamber's London Journal*, and the author of "Bradshaw's Descriptive Railway Guides," and many tales, essays, and dramas. Some years ago, at a "smoking lecture" in a well-known literary club in Fleet Street, Mr. Blanchard entertained his audience for a couple of hours with a series of the most amusing and pathetic reminiscences of his early endeavours in the paths of literature. His experiences were varied, and he did all kinds of literary hack-work before settling down to devote himself mainly or exclusively to work for the stage. For thirty-five consecutive years he wrote the "book" for the Drury Lane pantomime, and he supplied Miss Emma Stanley and Mr. Woodin with some of the most popular of their entertainments. He also edited an edition of Shakespeare, wrote novels, and contributed many articles to the *Daily Telegraph*. He died on September 4, 1889.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street, W.

THE LATE SIR EDWARD STRICKLAND, K.C.B.

SIR EDWARD STRICKLAND was born in 1821. He was the third son of Gerard Edward Strickland, of the ancient knightly family of Strickland, of Sizergh Castle, Westmorland, one of whom bore the banner of St. George at the Battle of Agincourt. After being educated at Stonyhurst College, he entered, in 1840, the Commissariat branch of the Service, and thus served in Canada, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Malta, and the Ionian Islands. He was sent to Turkey on special service, in 1853, at the outbreak of the War with Russia, and was Senior Commissariat Officer with the division of the Army in the Crimea which was commanded by the Duke of Cambridge. He had also charge of this department of the British force in occupation of Greece from 1855 to March, 1857, when he was appointed one of the Joint Commission ordered by the three protecting Powers to examine the financial state of Greece. In 1867, he was nominated a C.B. for distinguished services in the New Zealand War. His successful efforts to overcome the great difficulties of transportation and supply of provisions to the Army in Zululand excited general admiration, and, in 1879, he won his K.C.B., and was personally decorated by Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. Sir Edward was twice married; first, to Georgina Frances, daughter of F. A. Hely, Esq., of Engehurst, Sydney, and, secondly, to the daughter of the late General Tatton Brown Grieve, C.B., of Orde House, Northumberland. Sir Edward Strickland died on the 18th of July, 1889, at Sydney, New South Wales.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Chancellor and Son, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

FIREMAN JACOBS

W. G. JACOBS, of the age of twenty-seven, who joined the London Fire Brigade in 1882, died at his post after assisting in the rescue of a comrade in the fire which broke out on Thursday afternoon last week on the premises of a firm of manufacturing chemists, Bell Lane, Wandsworth. Jacobs and another fireman, named Ashby, had been sent to the top floor of the building, where they had carried up the only available hose. Presently they were overpowered by the smoke, while the building below was ablaze. They

were then seen at a window on the top floor, where they were calling for help, and asking for a line to be thrown them, but there was none within reach. The window frame was of iron, which made egress difficult. The ladders were fetched, but none of them were long enough. At last, however, when these had been lashed together, another fireman mounted and succeeded in rescuing Ashby, whom he found hanging to the window. Jacobs, who was a very bulky man, had pushed Ashby, who was a thin one, through the window and was holding him up. Re-ascending, in the hope of saving

the runner, who, moreover, finds a keen east wind excessively sultry. However, all is more or less safely transferred to the house, and then comes the bad quarter of an hour. Materfamilias proffers a fee, which is denounced first pleadingly, then scornfully, and finally—if no policeman be in sight—menacingly until, as a rule, another sixpence is produced, and the loafer departs muttering all sorts of objurations against people who see a poor fellow run three miles to help them, and want to put him off with a "bob." Surely in these days, when so many genuine unemployed would be glad to earn a shilling, the railway companies might authorise really respectable men to ply for hire in the station, and give them a badge which would serve as a proof of their authorisation. Numbers of people would be only too glad to avail themselves of such help, provided they could do so without fear of being fleeced, and receiving a volley of abuse into the bargain.

A SEASIDE CAMP FOR BOYS AT FILEY, YORKSHIRE

THE idea of a week's holiday at the seaside for some of the lads who work in the hot, unhealthy mills of Halifax was first suggested by one or two of those philanthropists who have at heart the physical and moral development of the rising generation, and who have already done much for these working lads by fitting out two gymnasiums in the town, and giving voluntary instruction in them during the winter months.

To carry out the plan of a seaside camp a committee was formed entirely of young men who have not long left school, and have not forgotten what they themselves owe to the happy athletic life of their schoolboy days. Two old Cliftonians, one old Marlburian, and one old Uppinghamian worked on the committee in order to help those less fortunate than themselves to attain a physical development such as they themselves owed to their old public schools; and the great Yorkshire School, the Bradford Grammar School, was well represented on the committee.

The necessary funds were raised by subscriptions, and the site for the camp chosen in Filey Bay. The bay has a stretch of about six miles of beautiful sands, bounded by low cliffs of red clay. The

camp was pitched in a field on the top of the cliff, in the most suitable position that could have been wished for. For this the camp was indebted to the kindness of the owner of the land. The camp consisted of 130 boys and ten officers. The boys slept ten in a tent, and in each one of the boys was appointed sergeant, to be responsible for the good behaviour of the rest. The officers had three tents between them. All meals were taken in the marquee: breakfast at 7.30, dinner at 12.30, tea at 5 P.M., and supper at 8.30.

On one side of the camp was a gully, at the bottom of which ran a pure stream in which the boys washed themselves in the morning.

The first night was naturally a sleepless one for everybody, owing to the novelty of the situation. The boys, finding sleep hopeless, took to singing, which led to the discovery of unsuspected musical talent among them. The day was filled up with a bathe between breakfast and dinner-time, and games—hockey, cricket, and, in spite of summer weather, even football on the sands. The shore is an unusually safe one for bathing, but, as an additional precaution, the officers, nearly all of whom were good swimmers, always bathed with the boys.

And so the week was spent in high spirits and perfect health, each day very much like its predecessor. Both officers and lads enjoyed the week thoroughly. The lads' appetites were astounding, and made hard work for the officers who had to cut up the meat and bread.—The photographs from which our illustrations are engraved were taken by one of the officers.

A PICTURESQUE WEDDING AT BIRMINGHAM

A WEDDING of a novel description was solemnised on the 7th inst. at Erdington Parish Church, near Birmingham, by the Rev. Canon Bowby, assisted by the Rev. F. Swindell, Vicar. The bride, Miss S. E. Elcock, was Matron of the Jaffray Suburban Hospital, and the bridegroom Mr. Edwin Rhead, of Redditch. Great interest was taken in the ceremony by all connected with the Hospital and in the neighbourhood, as it was known that Mr. Jaffray himself would give the bride away, and that the bridesmaids, six in number, would be nurses of the institution, and in uniform.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 357.

FEMALE CONVICT LIFE AT WOKING, III.

See page 360.

AN ARTIST'S NOTES IN THE LOW COUNTRIES

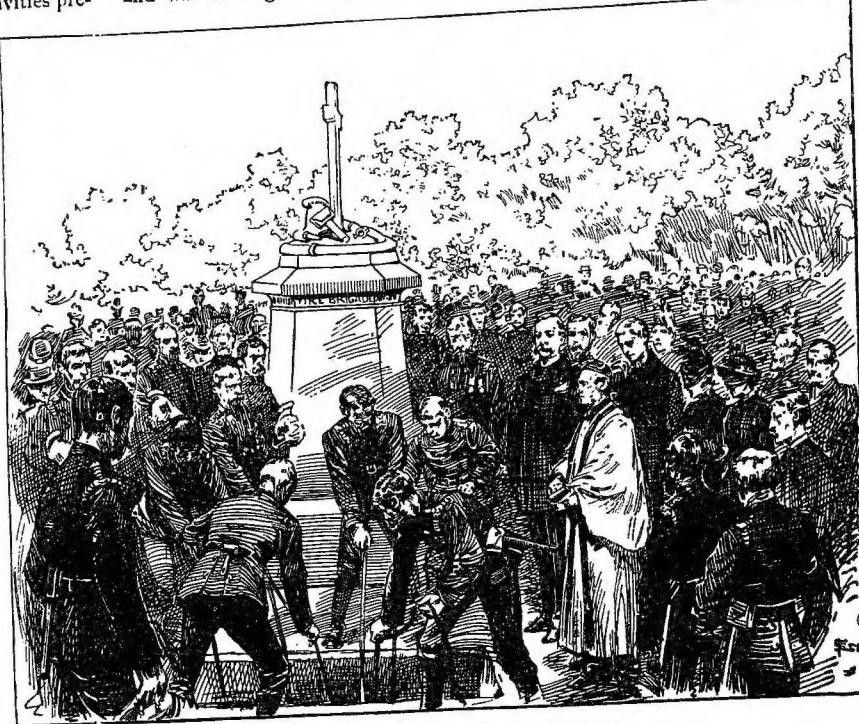
ONE finds plenty to study by the sides of the landing-stages in Holland, from the ragged urchin fishing over the quay side to the supercilious policeman. There are numbers of loafers, whose time seems mostly taken up in smoking the eternal cigar and watching with a speculative eye the steamers come and go. These sketches were made in Dordrecht, where there is any quantity of material for pencil or brush. One of the most interesting times is market day, when the boats come up the river heavily laden with all manner of fruits and vegetables, affording a good idea of the fertility of the land and the industry of its inhabitants. There are few prettier sights than this in-coming of boats on a misty autumn morning, and to watch them wending their way up the canals to the market. Then, again, the market itself, the weather-beaten men, the women with their white caps of all shapes and styles, some even worn on the top of a fashionable straw hat fresh from the milliner's window, and the quaint dresses of some of the farmers' wives and daughters sitting at their stalls or with their baskets of butter, and the milkmaids, with their highly-polished brass cans, go to make up pictures which for freshness and brilliancy it would be hard to beat.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE WEST END OF LONDON

See page 362.

NOTE.—The portraits round the memorial shield recently presented to Lord Londonderry (and illustrated in our number of last week), were from photographs taken by Messrs. Chancellor and Son, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

FRANCE AND NEWFOUNDLAND.—In our issue of July 20th, we referred to a statement, made on the authority of Dr. Howley, a Newfoundland clergyman, and published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of a few days previous, to the effect that colonists had been tied up and flogged for defending the honour of their female relatives against attempted assaults by French fishermen. We are now informed by Colonel Fawcett, Inspector and Superintendent-General of Constabulary at Fort Townshend, Newfoundland, that the above statement "is a disgraceful fabrication, altogether and absolutely false and unfounded."



THE FUNERAL OF FIREMAN JACOBS

Jacobs, the fireman, was prevented by dense volumes of smoke from reaching the window, where, in descending, he saw Jacobs, who directly afterwards threw up his hands and fell back. On a third ascent, the gallant fireman broke in the iron window frame with his axe, and found Jacobs lying on the floor under it, with portions of his legs burned off. The remains of Jacobs were followed from Wandsworth to his grave in Highgate Cemetery, on Tuesday, by a procession of firemen and volunteers, and interred in the presence of an immense crowd of sympathetic onlookers.—Our portrait is from a photograph by St. George and Huskisson, 176, Upper Street, N.

THE REV. A. F. BARFIELD,

A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER of Walsall, disappeared recently under circumstances so peculiar as to excite among his friends grave apprehensions as to his fate. He was a zealous champion of Unionism, and is said to have been, on that account, threatened with assassination. Early in July he received a letter, apparently in a feminine hand, warning him against delivering a Unionist address which had been announced from him, and informing him that if he delivered it the tragedy of Dr. Cronin might be repeated in his case. About two months ago he came to London to deliver political lectures. It is understood that he received, during a stay



of four or five weeks in the metropolis what purported to be an invitation to lecture in Ireland, and that he consequently went thither. But as the Unionist leaders know nothing of such an invitation, it is supposed that it was not genuine, and as he has not been seen or heard of for several weeks, it is even surmised that the invitation was got up to inveigle him to Ireland, where the prediction of his female correspondent might be fulfilled. Mrs. Barfield has communicated to the Scotland Yard authorities the facts connected with her husband's mysterious disappearance.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Co., 62, Cheapside.

THE CAB-RUNNER NUISANCE

JUST now, when holiday folk are fast returning to their London homes, such an incident as our artist has depicted is a matter of almost daily occurrence. *Materfamilias* and the children have been carefully packed into a cab by the sterner parent, who then finds that he must get to his office at once. Cabby starts, and is surely followed by a lean and hungry loafer, who by dint of hard running, and an occasional ride behind, manages to reach the door-step in time to receive the party with a strained politeness and effusive proffers of assistance in carrying the boxes, bath, and other impedimenta into the house—as Cabby, of course, is unable to leave his seat, lest his fiery steed should take the opportunity to bolt, and enter some neighbouring shop by the window. There never were such heavy boxes, remarks

HOME.

THE DISTURBANCES AFTER THE STRIKE.—The universal satisfaction felt at the announcement of the termination of the strike has been somewhat marred by the behaviour of some of the strikers to the men who had been taken on during the strike, who were still employed in the docks after their own resumption of work, and whom they contemptuously designate "blacklegs." On the refusal of some of the strikers to work in company with these, the Lord Mayor, Cardinal Manning, and Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., ad a conference on Monday with the representatives of the Dock companies and of the ex-strikers. It was decided that both should sign an intimation to be placarded about the docks protesting against any violation of the mutual agreement—which also was to be placarded—that the Directors should not show any resentment to the men who had participated in the strike, and that the latter should not molest any of the men who had been taken on during it. On the same day Mr. Burns, addressing a crowded meeting at Poplar, said that he would fight against the men if they did not adhere to their agreement, but at the same time he characterised those taken on during the strike as blacklegs, many of whom, he said, were fitted to be denizens of Millbank or Wandsworth Prisons. On Tuesday serious disturbances arose in this connection at the South West India and Albert Docks. At the former, half an hour after the commencement of the morning's work, a signal was given, and a hundred and fifty ex-strikers suddenly attacked the so-called blacklegs, some of them being so severely injured as to have to be taken to the hospital. The disturbance was quelled with some difficulty by the police, and the assailants were marched out of the dock. At the Albert Dock about two hundred and fifty men, taken on during the strike with the promise of subsequent continuous employment, were severely handled by the mob. At the Tilbury Docks none of the permanent men offered themselves for work, being afraid to do so, and a hundred and ten of the men employed during the strike, and intimidated on the previous day, were too frightened to make their appearance. The Joint-Committee of the Dock Companies have consequently instructed their superintendents to protect to the utmost the men who have been at work during the strike, and if necessary for this purpose, to suspend operations in any warehouse, or on board any ship. Things seemed to show some improvement on Wednesday. The men expelled from the South West India Dock, it is said, having asked to be taken on again, and, having promised not to create fresh disturbances, their request was granted. But at the Albert Dock a considerable number of the old strikers refused to work with the new men. A deputation from them having waited on the Dock Directors, offering to return to work if the others were discharged, received for reply that the Directors would do nothing of the kind, and would protect the non-strikers.

POLITICAL.—Lord Selborne and Mr. Chamberlain spoke at Huddersfield on Tuesday at meetings held in connection with the Conference in that town of the National Liberal Union. The speech of Mr. Gladstone's former Lord Chancellor was made in support of a resolution affirming a marked improvement in the condition of Ireland social, commercial, and agricultural, a state of things which he illustrated by statistics. Among the suggestive facts which he mentioned was that in those parts of Ireland in which the Nationalist war against property is being carried on, there have been large and continued increases of deposits in the Savings' Banks, a plain proof that the tenantry had money with which to discharge their just obligations. Mr. Chamberlain, in the course of a long and animated address, pointed out that there was not one of the important questions which an Irish Parliament would begin its career by dealing with that the Imperial Parliament was not ready to settle. The most urgent of all these questions, the agrarian, had been deliberately excluded from the purview of an Irish Parliament when Mr. Gladstone broached his Home Rule scheme, and had been held over by himself to be dealt with by the Imperial Parliament, being in this policy supported by Lord Spencer and Mr. John Morley.—Speaking again at a public breakfast at Huddersfield, on Wednesday, Mr. Chamberlain expressed his complete agreement with Lord Hartington's recent suggestion for the formation of a new National party, comprising both sections of the Unionists. Moderate men, he said, must unite on other than Irish questions.—In reply to an invitation from the Secretary of the Scottish Home Rule Association to attend its approaching Conference at Dundee, Mr. Gladstone once more dangled before the Scottish Home Rulers the prospect of a gratification of their wishes when Home Rule has been conceded to Ireland.—In the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, little doubt is entertained that Mr. Chaplin will be returned. The polling is fixed for Thursday next week.—At Peterborough, failing the candidature, which is doubtful, of Mr. George Fitzwilliam, uncle of the late member, the Unionist Committee have adopted as their candidate Mr. Montagu Guest, cousin of the Marquis of Huntly, and the Gladstonians Mr. Morton. At the by-election in 1888, the late Mr. Fitzwilliam (L.U.) defeated his Gladstonian opponent by a majority of 211.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE, Colonel Hill, in opening their annual meeting this week at Hull, spoke cheerfully and hopefully of the marked improvement in British trade and commerce. After pointing out what might be done to stimulate them by enterprise and activity in finding out new markets and in retaining old, he expressed his gratification at the appointment of a Minister of Agriculture, and hoped for the establishment, before long, of a Ministry of Commerce.

IRELAND.—Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., has been arrested in County Wicklow, he having failed to attend a court on the issue of a summons against him in connection with the Arthurstown prosecution.—The trial of Father O'Dwyer and nine of his parishioners for intimidation and conspiracy, was, at last, concluded at Fermoy, on Tuesday. On five of the father's flock sentences of imprisonment, with hard labour, were passed for periods varying from six weeks to six months. On one of the charges Father O'Dwyer was sentenced to enter into bail to keep the peace for six months, and, in default to go to gaol for three, an alternative his preference for which he proclaimed. On other charges he was sentenced to a further imprisonment for two months.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Lord Mayor, while finding himself debarr'd from opening a Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Penicuick disaster, will be happy to receive and forward any donations with that object.—With the approval of the Horse Guards Authorities, a camp near Chepstow is to be formed where the bicyclist Volunteers of Hereford, Gloucester, Cardiff, and Swansea are for five days, with camp allowances and equipments, to practise manœuvres peculiar to their branch of the service.—Among the more generally interesting proceedings of the British Association this week was the delivery, in the Mechanical Science Section, of an address, by Mr. W. H. Preece, on the advantages and complete practicability of establishing telephonic communication between London and Paris, a project to investigate the feasibility of which he recently visited the French capital.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Harriett, Lady Boynton;

in his seventy-eighth year, of Admiral R. Aldworth Oliver, who served with distinction in several parts of the world, and latterly took a prominent part in the local affairs of Marylebone; in his seventy-fifth year, of Admiral George O. Popplewell, who commanded the *Inflexible* at the attack on Fort Constantine, Sebastopol, in 1854; in his sixty-fifth year, of Rear-Admiral Philip Saumarez; in his fifty-sixth year, of Mr. Thomas M. Shuttleworth, Clerk of Assize for the Northern Circuit, whose name came prominently before the public in connection with the Maybrick case; and in his ninetieth year, of Mr. Francis G. Gardner, late Secretary of Her Majesty's Customs.

A HIGHLAND FAIR

ALTHOUGH English fairs are yearly becoming of less importance, our Highland Fair is still the event of the season in its own district, and of such importance in the estimation of the inhabitants that they will inform you that Johnnie's birth or Jeannie's marriage happened in a certain year, so many weeks or months before or after this market. It is a red-letter day, both as regards business and pleasure.

Long before it arrives you will find young and old eagerly looking forward to the almost only opportunity which offers them any excitement within a twelvemonth's round. Children have their pennies hoarded up for the occasion, while older folks are just as ready as the children for a respite from the humdrum of the work-away world. And when the morning of the great annual holiday arrives, with its holiday accompaniments, it seems to lift a load from the usually sombre-faced community.

In high spirits and Sunday attire they flock to the Fair, evidently unconcerned as to the sarcasms that will probably greet them on their next appearance in church anent frivolity in Sunday clothes. But it is a dull heart that never rejoices, and a little harmless mirth once a year might very well be overlooked.

Delicate nerves are almost unknown in the Highlands, a fortunate circumstance, for the noises of the Fair make a veritable Babel. Though here intensified, such familiar and rural sounds as the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle are drowned by rival showmen, and hawkers doing, nor would anybody dispute the point, what they call a "roaring trade."

On the previous evening we seemed to have been in one of the quietest and secluded spots in the world, but looking around we observe representatives from every clime contributing to the din. The invasion that took place over night, so sudden and unexpected, leaves one at loss to account for the appearance of all these peculiar people. Oddities have sprung up like mushrooms, and the rule appears to be that the odder they are the greater the noise made on their behalf to draw our attention to them.

It would be impossible to enumerate a tithe of the things for sale at the Fair. Moving among stalls of toys, fruit, and confections, go smiling lasses, apparently by no means averse to changing their condition if an eligible offer came their way. In the mean time they show a spirit of impartiality; all comers having the privilege of treating them to a fairing. If the love of their admirers might be measured by the quantities of sweets they present to them, there is no reason why they should remain single much longer. But the lasses, like true daughters of Eve, are vain, and do not want lovers to-day so much as love-offerings. They are anxious to make the best of their opportunities before night, so that when they go home they may have enough trophies, in the form of confectionery, to convince their most favoured admirer that unless he is attentive they have other strings to their bow.

The Fair is a recognised meeting-place for cronies, and a dram the fashionable means of renewing friendship. There are booths with whisky on the field, and although the seats are only mounds of damp earth covered with straw, having often a pool between, yet nobody complains about water—so long as it is kept out of the whisky. Highlanders have still a pious horror of diluting their mountain dew, as the following story will show. A Southerner having invited an elder to a dram, the elder, according to custom, was about to say grace, when he observed his companion adding to the contents of his glass from the water jug.

"Hech, Mr. —," he said, interrupting himself, "as you have now spoilt your good whisky, I will just thank Providence for His mercies to myself!"

Although a person might have scarcely expected to meet the confidence-trick man so far North, there is one of the fraternity evidently, the over-elaborately dressed party in the handsomely-appointed trap, who proposes to sell a watch for less than a sovereign, while he leads you to believe that you will find a sovereign or two enclosed in its cases. Look how adroitly he manipulates the coins. He is surrounded by a staring crowd, people as anxious to get money as he seems to be to get rid of it. Ah, he finds a purchaser—a confederate, probably—who backs out to the edge of the crowd, opens his watch, and produces a sovereign sure enough, which he holds up for public inspection. But, looking around, we have no confidence in anything, since our old friend, Moses Jacob, is conspicuous by his absence. This noted character visited the Fair so long and so regularly, that it is difficult to realise a fair without him. He was a Jewish auctioneer, with a peculiarly squeaky voice—a voice that boys loved to imitate. He was well known in the North, having attended all the fairs year after year, and, although he sold almost everything, books were his speciality. It is to be feared they were the odds and ends of letters, volumes that would never find buyers elsewhere. However, Moses understood the literary famine in Ultima Thule, and received prices and appreciation for his books. At his death, his property at his headquarters in Edinburgh was disposed of, such a curious and miscellaneous collection, it is said, as was never seen in that or any other city.

The human appetite for healthy wonder is everywhere the same, or surely thrifty Highlanders would look twice, as the adage goes, at their twopenny, threepenny, or sixpence before giving their money to a showman. Some of them, it is true, content themselves with the cheaper, and probably far more marvellous pictorial representation of the performances to be seen outside, but crowds go in and come out delighted. Old men and old women, holding horses and cows by halters, give the halters into the hands of friends, so as to have the felicity of beholding this sight or that. Young people, for the fun of the thing, go from show to show, making harvest for the proprietors, who, tired though they are, affect boisterous and boundless humour at the prospect of their gains. With them it is a case of attempting to convert the fair into a provision for the rainy day. And how eagerly they apply themselves to their task, breathlessly urging the people to "Step up," while all the time dreading a poor step downwards for themselves should a severe winter follow a poor harvest.

J. S.
KILLING AN ELEPHANT is by no means an easy task. One of the two Indian elephants given by the Prince of Wales to the Berlin Zoological Gardens some years since lately killed his keeper, and has proved so dangerous that the authorities decreed his execution. So a strong steel wire was prepared, and one morning, as "Rostom" walked out his cage, the noose was neatly dropped over his head, and forty-two men prepared to draw it tight. But "Rostom," feeling some discomfort, snapped the wire in a second, and is still enjoying existence, whilst the officials meditate some more efficacious plan.



SUNDAY REST on the English system is warmly advocated in Russia. Some 1,200 shopkeepers in St. Petersburg are willing to shut their shops and offices on Sunday, and a regular movement has been established to further the project.

THE BISMARCK MUSEUM, now being organised in Berlin, will be opened on April 1st next—the Chancellor's seventy-fifth birthday. The Museum will contain every book and article written about Prince Bismarck, as well as every picture in which he appears, so far as these can be collected.

REBELS AGAINST THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN are executed in a very artistic manner, according to an Indian contemporary. Three hundred offenders concerned in the late Badakshan rebellion are being put to death at Cabul at the rate of three daily. One is clad in yellow or green apparel to suit the landscape, and is hanged; a second is dressed in black, to be blown from a gun, and a third is given red clothes, as most adapted to death by the sword.

THE EXPLORATION OF TIBET tempts many travellers, and now M. Joseph Martin, who did much good work in Eastern Siberia, is going to try his fortune in this rigidly-exclusive land. M. Martin has left Pekin with a following of seven servants and eight mules, and will journey parallel to the Great Wall of China, on its southern side, through unexplored mountainous regions. He hopes to reach the Province of Koko Nor by next spring.

CARRIER SWALLOWS are proving very successful in France. Two young birds, about two months old, were lately sent up from the Paris Exhibition, and reached their home at Roubaix in a hour and a quarter, the distance being about 160 miles. Speaking of swallows, the Berliners anticipate a warm, late autumn, as these birds show no signs of departure, but many are rearing their third brood—a very rare occurrence. So far, however, this expectation has not been fulfilled, for snow fell in Berlin on Sunday.

THE WALL OF PREJUDICE BETWEEN CHINESE AND FOREIGNERS in the interior of the Celestial Empire seems to have been greatly broken down by European generosity during the late famine. Apart from the official acknowledgments of British help, the people themselves are genuinely grateful. When several British missionaries left Western Shantung after working hard for months to relieve the distress, they were presented with red umbrellas and testimonials from all classes. One lady-missionary was even carried in triumph through the city in a sedan-chair, followed by a long procession of *literati* with their red buttons, and crowds of people shouting out in her honour.

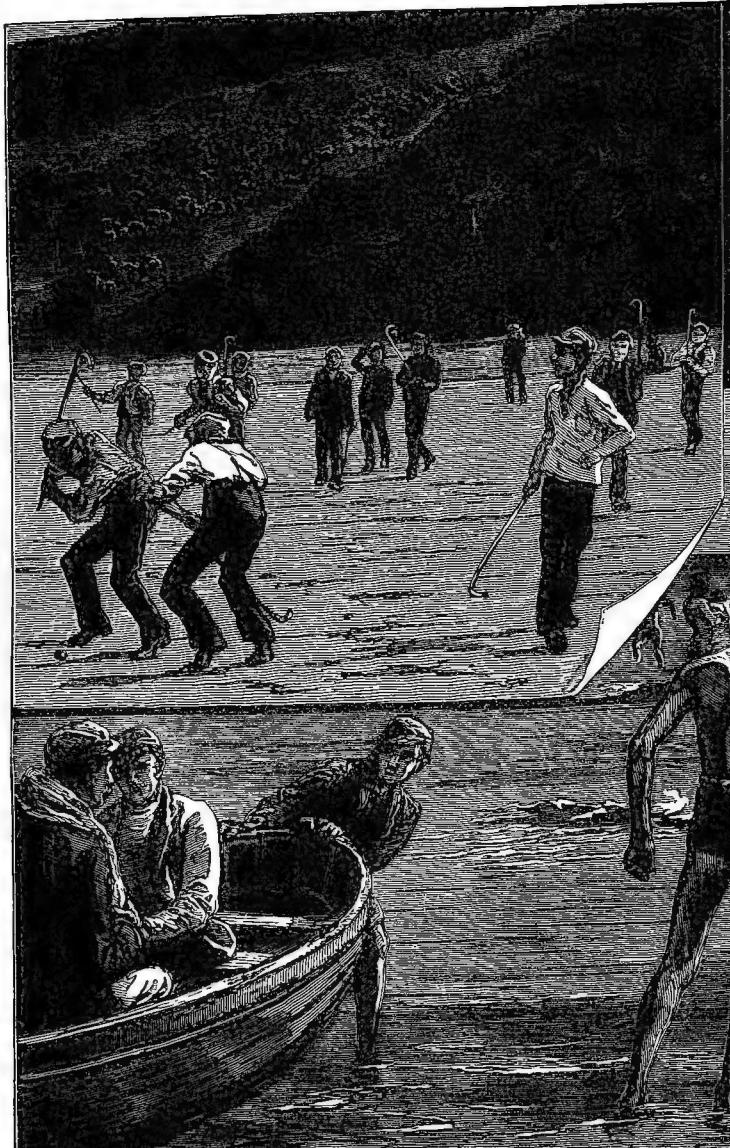
PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—The distribution of the prizes to the successful exhibitors will take place with great ceremony on the 29th inst. at the Palais de l'Industrie. The exhibitors will form a procession to march past President Carnot and the Ministry, each section being preceded by a banner representing the special features of the respective classes. The daily average of visitors being some 150,000, French statisticians proudly note that, while the present display has beaten the record of every other Exhibition throughout the globe, Paris still held the first place in numbers by her Exhibition of 1878, when the admissions reached 65,000 daily. Philadelphia comes second with 61,000 visitors per diem. Considerable disappointment is felt at the comparative failure of the Exhibition Lottery. It has not been sufficiently advertised, so the Government have the greater portion of the tickets on their hands. Visitors continue to choose eccentric methods of travelling to the Exhibition. The baker who comes from the Landes on stilts even ascended the Eiffel Tower with those awkward appendages. Another lover of novelty is walking from Troyes, carrying a friend on his shoulders all the way, and a Belgian writer is driving from Brussels in a little phaeton drawn by two sturdy Flemish dogs.

PRINCE CHARLES OF MONACO, who died last week, was a member of a very old family, the Grimaldis, who date from the tenth century. He was extremely proud of his pedigree, and maintained the strictest ceremonial of etiquette to the last, although he was living in a quiet French château away from his own dominions. When he succeeded his father, Florestan I., Prince Charles was a handsome young man, tall, with a fine head and splendid eyes. A few years later the optic nerve was paralysed, and he became entirely blind. He was devoted to art and literature, and hospitably entertained any celebrity who visited his little Principality, while he was extremely pleasant and affable to his Court. His health began to fail six years ago, and he has since then lived in retirement, nursed by his sister, the Duchess of Württemberg-Urrach, who became her brother's constant companion at his wife's death. Prince Charles' body has been taken to Monaco for burial in the Cathedral. It is curious to note that the Prince's only son, now the reigning Prince, is going to marry the Duchesse de Richelieu, and thus will unite the descendants of the two great Cardinals, Mazarin and Richelieu. The lady belongs to the Israelitish persuasion, and will be the first Jewess to share the throne of a reigning Christian sovereign.

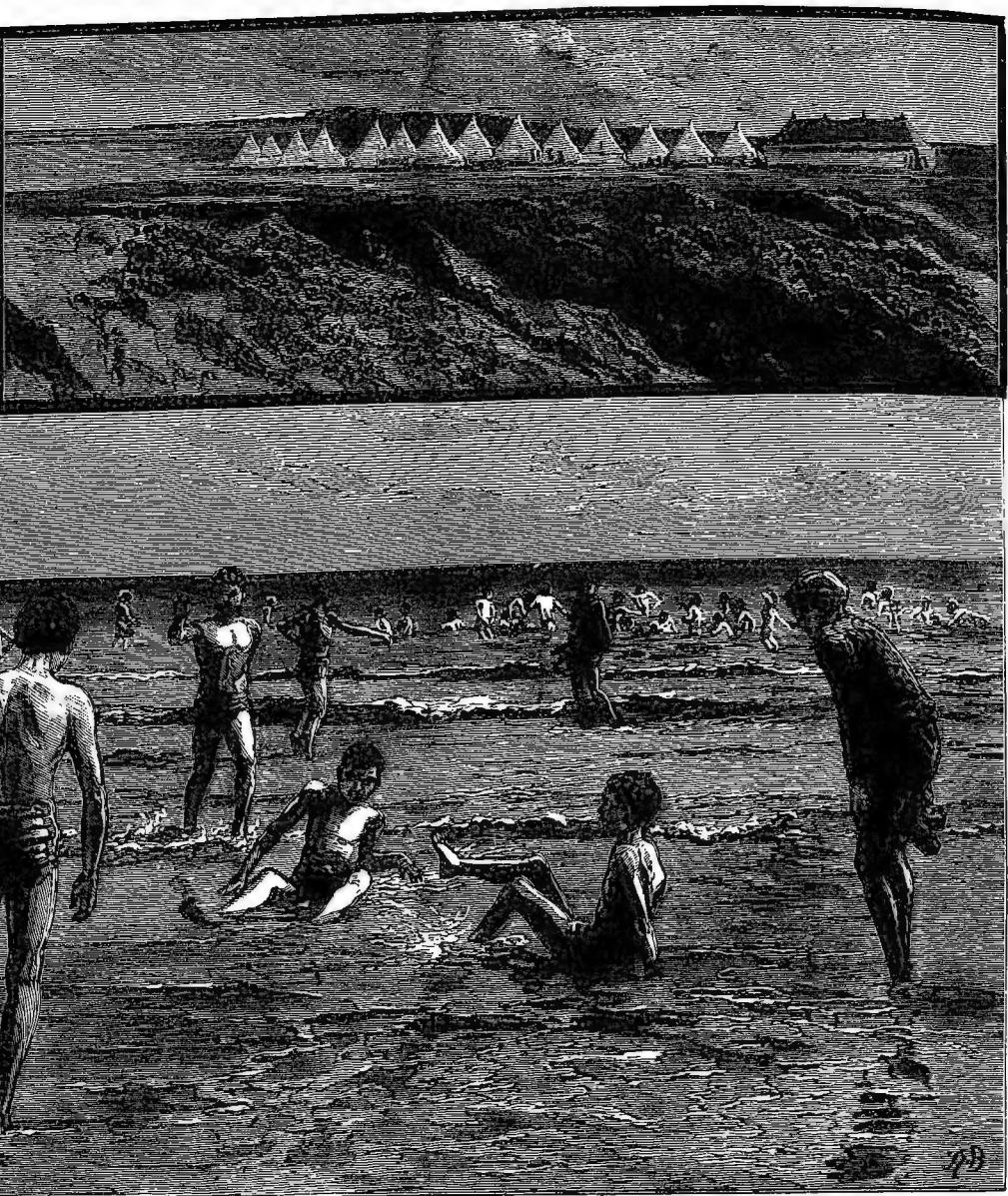
THE EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES now being shown by Mr. Flinders Petrie at Oxford Mansions are of the highest interest. They are the fruit of his recent excavations in the Fayoum, and relate chiefly to two special periods of Egyptian history—the Twelfth and the Eighteenth—Nineteenth Dynasties. The first section illustrates the life of a large industrial settlement, dating about 2,600 B.C., whose inmates were employed in constructing the funeral temple and pyramid of Useret II. at Tel Kahun. Tools, pottery, domestic utensils, and ornaments give a graphic idea of the ancient owners, whose town is minutely re-constructed on an interesting map. The second division relate to the ancient town Tel Gurob, built under Thothmes III., and suddenly deserted under Menephtah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, who, according to Mr. Petrie's theory, may have expelled all the resident foreigners after some of his victories about 900 B.C. Jewellery, pottery, amulets, mummy-cases, and skulls are the main attractions of this room. Belonging to both periods are the curious potsherds incised with Cypro-Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan inscriptions, evidently by foreigners living in the Fayoum, and which are considered the earliest alphabetical forms ever discovered. Those from Tel Kahun date from the time when Abraham came into Egypt from Canaan. These valuable fragments are to go to the British Museum, where, indeed, the whole collection may eventually find a home.

LONDON MORTALITY rose slightly last week. The deaths numbered 1,236 against 1,170 during the previous seven days, being an increase of 66, although 180 below the average. The death-rate went up to 14·8 per 1,000, but remains low, the rate during the eleven weeks of the present quarter being 2·8 under the usual return. Scarlet-fever increases, as the London hospitals contained 1,111 patients on Saturday, but the deaths only numbered 17 (a decline of 1), and were 22 below the average. Diphtheria is also high, the fatal cases rising to 41 (an increase of 11), and being 22 above the average. There were 68 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery, 19 from enteric fever (a decrease of 2), 18 from whooping-cough (a fall of 10), 10 from measles (a decline of 1), and 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (a rise of 1). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 152 from 142, but were 29 below the average. There were 2,432 births registered, being an increase of 59, although 283 under the usual return.

HOCKEY ON THE SANDS



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP

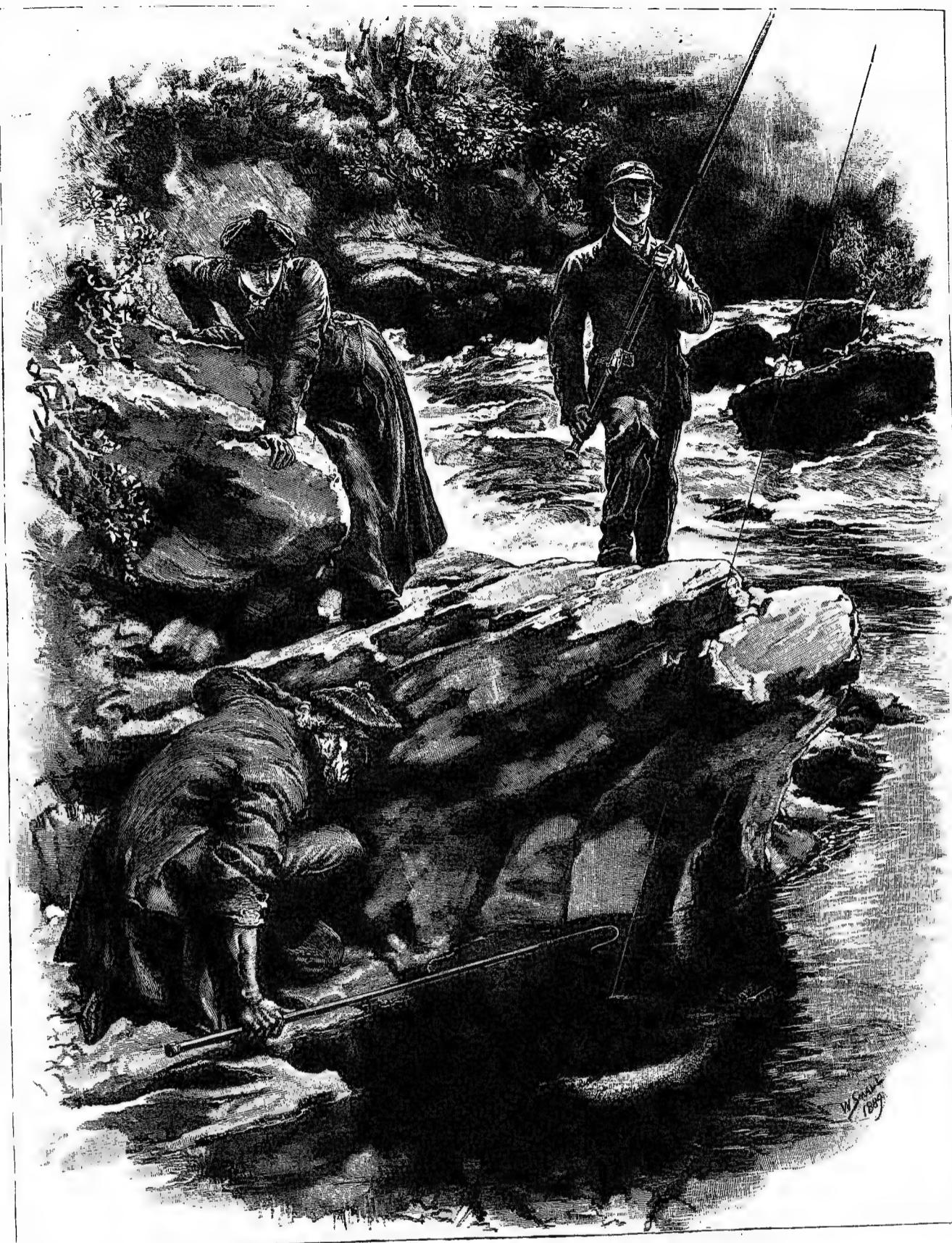


BATHING

SEASIDE CAMP FOR POOR BOYS AT FILEY, YORKSHIRE



A PICTURESQUE WEDDING AT BIRMINGHAM—HOSPITAL NURSES AS BRIDESMAIDS AT THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR MATRON



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

The conclusion of the fight proved to be a series of rapid and cautious skirmishes between the salmon and old Robert

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &c.

CHAPTER X. AIVRON AND GEINIG

HONOR CUNYNGHAM was quite as proud as Lionel himself that he had killed a stag ; for in a measure he was her pupil ; at all events it was at her instigation that he was devoting himself to these athletic sports and pastimes, and so far withdrawing himself from the trivialities and affectations of the serious little band of amateurs. Not that Miss Cunyngham ever exhibited any disdain for those pursuits of her gifted sisters-in-law ; no ; she listened to Lady Sybil's music, and regarded Lady Rosamund's canvases, and even read the last MS. chapter of Lady Adela's new novel (for that great work was now in progress) with a grave good humour and even with a kind of benevolence ; and it was only when one or the other of them, with unconscious simplicity, named herself in conjunction with some master of the art she was professing—wondering how he could do such and such a thing in such and such a fashion when she found another method infinitely preferable—it was only at such moments that occasionally Honor Cunyngham's clear hazel eyes would meet Lionel's, and the question they obviously asked was 'Is not that extraordinary?' They did not ask 'Is not that absurd?' or 'How can any one be so innocently and inordinately vain?' they only expressed a friendly surprise, with perhaps the smallest trace of demure amusement.

On the other hand, if Miss Cunyngham rather intimated to this young guest and stranger that, being at a shooting-lodge in the Highlands, he ought to devote himself to the healthful and vigorous

recreations of the place, instead of dawdling away his time in drawing-room frivolities, it was not that she herself should take possession of him as her comrade on her salmon-fishing excursions. He soon discovered that he was not to have any great encouragement in this direction. She was always very kind to him, no doubt ; and she had certainly proposed that, if he cared to go with her, he could take the wading portions of the pools ; but beyond that she extended to him very little companionship, except what he made bold to claim. And the fact is, he was rather piqued by the curious isolation in which this young lady appeared to hold herself. She seemed so entirely content with herself ; so wholly indifferent to the little attentions and flatteries of ordinary life ; always good-natured when in the society of any one, she was just as satisfied to be left alone. Now Lionel Moore had not been used to this kind of treatment. Women had only been too ready to smile when he approached ; perhaps, indeed, familiar success had rendered him callous ; at all events he had managed to get along so far without encountering any violent experience of heart-aching desire and disappointment and despair. But this young lady with the clear, fine, intellectual face, the proud lips, the calm, observant eyes, puzzled him—almost vexed him. Nina, for example, was a far more sympathetic companion : either she was enthusiastically happy, talkative, vivacious, gay as a lark, or she was wilfully sullen and offended, to be coaxed round again and petted, like a spoilt child, until the natural sunshine of her humour came through those wayward clouds. But Miss Cunyngham, while always friendly and pleasant, remained (as he thought) strangely remote, imperturbable, calm. She did

not seem to care about his society at all. Perhaps she would rather have him go up the hill?—though the birds were getting very wild now for a novice. In any case she could not refuse to let him accompany her on the morning after his deer-stalking expedition ; for all the story had to be told her.

"I suppose you are very stiff," she said, cheerfully, as they left the lodge—he walking heavily in waders and brogues—old Robert coming up behind with rod and gaff. "But I should imagine you do not ask for much sympathy. Shall I tell you what you are thinking of at this moment? You have a vague fear that the foxes may have got at that precious animal during the night ; and you are anxious to see it safely down here at the lodge ; and you want to have the head sent at once to Mr. Macleay's in Inverness, so that it mayn't get mixed up with the lot of others which will be coming in when the driving in the big forests begins. Isn't that about it?"

"You are a witch," said he, "or else you have been deer-stalking yourself. But, you know, Miss Honnor, it's all very well to go on an expedition like that of yesterday once in a way—as a piece of bravado, almost ; and no doubt you are very proud when you see the dead stag lying on the heather before you ; but I am not sure I should ever care for it as a continuous occupation, even if I were likely to have the chance. The excitement is too furious, too violent. But look at a day by the side of a salmon-river," continued this adroit young man. "There is absolute rest and peace—except when you are engaged in fighting a salmon ; and for my own part, that is not necessary to my enjoyment at all. No ; I would rather see you fish ; then I know that everything is going right—that every

charming companionship secured all to himself—the capture of the salmon—the tribute that had been paid to his skill—the magnetic waterproof hanging over his arm—the prospect of a long ramble home on this beautiful afternoon: all these things combined were surely sufficient to put any young man in an excellent humour. And there was something more in store for him.

"Do you know," he was saying, as they walked along together, "that I have grown quite used to the solitariness of this neighbourhood? I don't find it strange, or melancholy, or oppressive any longer. I suppose when I get back to a crowded city, the roar of it will be absolutely bewildering; indeed, I am looking forward with a good deal of interest to seeing something of the world again at Kilearn—which can't be a very big place either."

"Oh, are you going to the opening of the Kilearn Town Hall?" she asked.

"Yes," said he, with a little surprise, "I thought everybody was going. Aren't you? I understood the whole world—of Ross-shire—was to be there; and that I was to make a sudden plunge into a perfect whirlpool of human life."

"It will amuse you," she said, with a quiet smile. "You will see all the county families there, staring at each other's guests; and you will hear a lot of songs like 'My Pretty Jane,' and 'Ever of Thee,' sung by bashful young ladies. At the opening of the proceedings my brother Hugh will make a speech; he is their chairman; and I know precisely what he will say. Hugh always speaks to the point. It will be something like this—'Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to see you here to-night. We still want 1800. We mean to give two more concerts to clear the debt right off. You must all come and bring your friends. I will not longer stand in the way of the performers who have kindly volunteered their services.'

"And that is a most admirable speech," her companion exclaimed. "It says everything that is wanted, and nothing more: I call it a model speech!"

"Mr. Moore," she said, suddenly looking up, "are you going to sing at the concert?"

"I believe so," he answered.

"What are you going to sing?"

"Oh, I don't know yet. Whatever I am asked for. Lady Adela is arranging the programme." And then he added rather breathlessly: "Is there anything you would care to have me sing?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," said she, quite frankly, "I hardly intended going. But if I thought there was a chance of hearing you sing some such song as 'The Bonnie Earl o' Moray,' I would go."

"The Bonnie Earl o' Moray?" he said, eagerly. "The song that Miss Lestrang sang the other night?"

"The song that Miss Lestrang made a fool of the other night," she said, contemptuously. "But if you were to sing it, you would make it very fine and impressive—I should like to hear you sing that in a large hall."

"Oh, but certainly I will sing it!" he said, quickly, for he was only too rejoiced that she should prefer this small request, as showing that she did take some little interest in him and what he could do. "I will make a stipulation that I sing it, if I sing anything. Miss Lestrang won't mind, I know."

"I almost think you should go under an assumed name," Miss Honnor said, presently, with a bit of a laugh. "I dare say the people wouldn't recognise you, in ordinary dress. And then, when the amateur vocalists had been going on with their Pretty Janes and Meet me by Moonlights, when you gave them 'The Bonnie Earl o' Moray,' as you would sing it, I should think amazement would be on most faces. But I dare say Lady Adela has had it announced in the *Inverness Courier* that you are to sing, for they want to make a grand success of the concert, to help to clear off the debt; and of course all the people from the shooting-lodges will be coming, for it isn't every autumn they have a chance of hearing Mr. Lionel Moore in Ross-shire."

Really, she was becoming quite complaisant!—this proud, unapproachable huntress-maiden, who seemed to live remote and isolated in a world all of her own. And so she was coming to this amateur concert, merely to hear him sing? Be sure the first thing he did that evening, on entering the drawing-room after dinner, was to go up to Miss Georgie Lestrang with a humble little speech, asking her whether she would object to his borrowing that particular ballad from her repertory. The smiling and gracious young damsel instantly replied that, on the contrary, she would be delighted to play the accompaniment for him. Would he look at the music now? He did look at it; found it simple enough; imagined that the refrain verse might be made rather effective. Would he try it over now? Yes, if she would be so kind. She forthwith went to the piano, he following; and at once there was silence in the long, low-ceilinged drawing-room. Of course this was but a trial; and the room had not been constructed with a view to any acoustic requirements; nevertheless the fine and penetrating *timbre* of his trained voice told all the same; indeed, it is probable there was a lump in the throat of more than one of those young ladies when he sang the pathetic refrain, with its proud and sonorous finish—

'O lang may his Lady-love
Look frae the Castle Dounie,
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray
COME SOUNDING THROUGH THE TOON.'

Simple as the air was, it haunted the ear even of this professional vocalist all the evening; but perhaps that was because he was looking forward to a coming occasion on which he would have to sing the ballad; and well he knew that however numerous his audience might be—though he might be standing before all the Rosses and Frasers, the Gordons and Munroes, the Mackays and Mackenzies of the county—well he knew that he would be singing—that he intended to sing—to an audience of one only. And which would she like to have emphasised the more—the pathetic and hopeless outlook of the lady in the tower, or the proud state and ceremony of the Earl himself as he used to 'come sounding through the toun'? Well, he would practise a little, and ascertain what he could do with it—on some occasion when he found himself alone away up in the hills, with a silence around him unbroken save for the hushed whisper of the birch-leaves and the distant, low murmur of the Geingin falls.

(To be continued)



"SWISS TRAVEL AND SWISS GUIDE BOOKS" (Longmans, Green, and Co.) is a very elaborate volume by the editor of the *Alpine Journal*. Originally written for publication in that periodical, the papers have been expanded into a volume of some 330 pages. The book is divided into two parts: the first has for its subject the general question of early Swiss guide-books; the second traces the history of an individual hamlet, Zermatt, and shows how it became a great climbing centre. To the general reader the book appeals less than to those who already care for travel, and who are par-

ticularly infected with the taste for mountains. Mr. Coolidge has taken extraordinary pains to search out all that has been written about Switzerland in the past, and his book is probably a complete bibliography of Alpine literature. Mr. Coolidge points out that it is only within the last century that Switzerland has become "the playground of Europe;" and he divides the history of Swiss travellers visited the country bent on some serious errand—military, religious, or medicinal; the three centuries after the Reformation, when Switzerland became the home and field of the renewed study of the physical sciences; and the period from 1750 onwards, when pleasure-travelling came into fashion, "confined at first to cities, later extended to lakes and the hills around them, finally aiming at the complete conquest of the highest summits, and the exploration of the most remote and most insignificant nooks of the ice and snow region." Mr. Coolidge dates the beginning of climbing in the High Alps practically from 1854, when Mr. (now Mr. Justice) Wills made his memorable ascent of the Wetterhorn from Grindelwald. After that "climbing" became recognised as one of the noblest forms—its devotees allow no exception—of healthful enjoyment." "How Zermatt became a Mountaineering Centre" is a chapter which will give much instruction to thousands of English who annually flock to that mountain retreat. The whole book, indeed, is a model of exact and valuable work.

M. Germain Bapst, of Paris, holds the proud title of "Joaillier du Roi ou de la Couronne." For nine generations this title has been handed down from father to son in M. Bapst's family, and with the title have come many papers dealing with the Crown jewels of France—papers containing, in many cases, information which is not to be found in the State archives. A better man than M. Bapst, it is obvious, there could scarcely be to write a history of the Crown jewels of France; and after much labour and research he has produced a large and handsome volume, "Histoire des Joyaux de la Couronne de France" (Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie., 79, Boulevard St. Germain). The work is one of those examples of French enterprise in publishing which we rarely follow in this country. It is nobly printed on good paper with an ample margin, and many wood-cuts adorn its pages. M. Bapst begins early, for he takes us back to the time of Francis I. He soon shows us that his book is to be no dry-as-dust compilation, edited by a writer with an auctioneer's mind. The jewels are but the centres round which revolve human passions, human loves, and human hates. While never departing unnecessarily from his subject, he shows how the jewels of France were part of the national life; how they influenced treaties, how they came and went with different matrimonial alliances, how they were intrigued for, and fought for. With technical descriptions of diamonds and rubies, necklaces and pendants, there is interwoven a great part of the histories of the Royal Houses of France. It is an odd point of view from which to approach a study of the history of France, and it is scarcely to be expected that the history can be systematic under the circumstances. But the book offers a series of dramatic dissolving views which never lack interest, and through all we detect the shimmer of the diamond, the red lustre of the ruby, or the baleful glow of the opal. M. Bapst has approached his task with enthusiasm, and he may congratulate himself upon having produced a striking and a valuable work.

"The Eminent Women Series" (W. H. Allen and Co.) is the richer by three new and interesting volumes: "Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by the editor of the series, Mr. John H. Ingram; "Jane Austen," by Mrs. Charles Malden; and "Hannah More," by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. All the books are well done, but Mr. Ingram's is by far the most interesting of the three. The author truly claims for it that it is "the initial biography" of Mrs. Browning, and as such it will be eagerly read by all who love the work of the greatest of English poetesses. Mistakes must invariably creep into a volume such as this, which is "unauthorised," and made up solely from various recollections, obituary notices, stray criticisms, and fragmentary correspondence; but it is by far the most complete account we have yet had of the marvellous woman who is one of the greatest ornaments of English literature. It is vain, perhaps, to hope that Mr. Browning himself will ever give us a biography of his wife; and in the mean time we must content ourselves with that of Mr. Ingram, which is quite as well done as the circumstances of the case allow.

Following up his recent book, "Letters to Dead Authors," Mr. Andrew Lang has adopted the same form in his new book "Letters on Literature" (Longmans, Green, and Co.). The letters are written to imaginary persons, the epistolary form allowing of a freedom of speech and unconventionality of treatment scarcely tolerable in a formal literary essay. The result, as no one need be told who knows Mr. Lang's work, is a series of dainty and delicate observations on modern literature generally, pleasantly expressed by a cultured and practised pen, gracefully playful here and there, never severe, and leading nowhere in particular, as far as any leaning can be discovered towards a special school of criticism. That there is very much to be learned from Mr. Lang's pages he would not probably himself maintain; but there is a distinct pleasure to be derived from his discursive talk—a pleasure akin to that we derive from smelling beautiful flowers, and seeing good china or tapestry.

A very delightful volume for those who are admirers of Wordsworth (and what lover of noble verse is not?) is "Wordsworthiana" (Macmillan) by Professor William Knight. It is a substantial volume, made up of papers read at meetings of the Wordsworth Society, the Professor modestly omitting most of his own papers. The preface describes the origin of the Society, which took its rise after the publication of Professor Knight's admirable and well-known book, "The English Lake District as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth." Distinguished men readily came in as members, and the present volume contains a body of criticism which is remarkable as containing the views of men of many schools. Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, for example, opens with a paper, in his characteristic vein, on the Platonism of Wordsworth; Professor Dowden writes on Wordsworth's modernisation of Chaucer; and Mr. Stopford Brooke on Wordsworth's beautiful and little-read "Guide to the English Lakes." The Presidential Address of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, delivered in 1883, is given in full, as is Mr. Russell Lowell's Address of 1884. The book is a remarkable tribute of admiration and gratitude to the greatest of the Lake poets from men who are the foremost living poets and teachers.

"Clavers, the Despot's Champion" (Longmans, Green, and Co.) is the title of an anonymous book by "A Southern," dealing with the character and career of that gallant Scot "The Bonnie Dundee." The object of the work is to clear the name of Dundee from the reputation for cruelty and treachery. The ground is traversed with the greatest care, and whatever may be our opinion of "A Southern's" views, there is no doubt that he has produced the most important, indeed the only trustworthy, biography of Grahame of Claverhouse. His work is minute and exact. The writer has gone direct to the authorities, setting Macaulay right here and there, and devoting the most careful scrutiny to the stories of Claverhouse's alleged acts of cruelty. Certainly the evidence for these seems to shrink into small proportions. There is no special pleading, and no brilliant writing; the book is simply an historic inquiry, conducted with thoroughness and impartiality. "Ambitious, astute, and grasping," "A Southern" acknowledges his hero to have been, and he adds, "few men could more heartily appreciate the worldly advantages that tempted him in the great crisis of his life. Few

men have ever paltered less with temptation, or by supreme effort more absolutely triumphed over it."

"The Jenolan Caves" is the name given to some very remarkable cavities in the rocky range on the Great Western Railway of Australia many miles inland from Sydney and Botany Bay. They were discovered in 1841 by James Whalan, who lived on the Fish River. He was robbed by a bushranger named M'Ewan, and pursued the man to this spot, where he was found in hiding. Since then the caves have grown in public repute as among the most remarkable in the world. Under the title of "The Jenolan Caves" (Eyre and Spottiswoode) Mr. Samuel Cook gives a very full description of the place, illustrated with many photographs.

Mr. Rider Haggard, since he became a popular novelist, has had to endure many things from the critics. He has suffered severely from over-praise, and perhaps he has winced a little at the contemptuous treatment he has received in other quarters. The climax of absurdity in connection with Mr. Rider Haggard is reached in "She: the Interpretation"—a ridiculous piece of nonsense, published by Mr. Burns, of Southampton Row. The writer pretends that the romance called "She" is an allegory, in which Mr. Haggard has tried to teach all kinds of hidden doctrines about the "ideal woman," "ideal marriage," and so on.

The construction, arrangement, and management of "Marine Aquaria" (Gill) is treated of by Mr. Reginald A. R. Bennett, and full information is given as to the best animals and seaweeds to be kept, how and where to obtain them, and how to keep them in health.



"THE SCOTTS OF BEDMINSTER," by J. Masterman (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a decidedly interesting, entertaining, and amusing novel, which ought to be popular—an opinion, however, which is not meant to be a prediction. Coincidences are rather too barefaced, so much so, indeed, as to add to the humour of the book. But then when a story treats of several heroes and heroines cast, early in action, upon a desert island—to some extent reminding one of the island in "Foul Play"—one expects the startling to happen, and happen it does, with a vengeance. But it is all put as if it were the most natural thing in the world; and, as all the characters are sympathetic and pleasant companions, one is quite content when every little bit fits into its place at the end like a map-puzzle. Moreover, there is much real pathos combined with its inseparable and necessary companion, real humour; and the portraiture generally is of such excellence that the absurd impossibility of the plot is forgotten, especially as the story is told with such naive straightforwardness. Some of the characters are purely and irresistibly comic, like the Chief Commissioner's wife, who carries her official pomposity even into the desert island, despite the loss of her wig. We do not mean to imply that "The Scotts of Bedminster" is a novel of distinction, but it simply endeavours to interest and to amuse, and unquestionably succeeds.

"Whims," by Wanderer (1 vol.: Gilbert and Rivington), is the unpretending title of an unusually good collection of short stories. To one of them, "The Pearl Necklace," the author is indebted to a well-known story of De Maupassant, as he candidly states in his prefatory note; the others, he cautiously believes to be original. In the face of so many recent coincidences of idea, the caution may not be uncalled for; but we should be exceedingly surprised if two persons had hit upon the dramatic plot of "The Cairngorm Châtelaine," or had imagined "The Hut," which is perhaps the best and creepiest vampire story ever written. "The Dead Hand" and "Etelka" are scarcely the equal of those we have mentioned, and "The Royal Horse Marines" is a mere *jeu d'esprit*; but the least excellent in the volume proves that we have among us at least one short-story writer of real distinction, and his careful attempt to clothe De Maupassant in an English dress gives the reason why.

There certainly was a time, and not so very long ago either, when Mr. F. M. Allen's "From the Green Bag" (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), and its predecessors would not have been hailed as exhibiting the highest possibilities of contemporary Irish humour. However, it is always refreshing to receive even slight evidence that the humour supposed to be characteristic of Ireland is not wholly extinct, or absorbed in solemn attempts to make the thick-headed Saxon understand what he has not the least difficulty in understanding; and so, in the absence of the really great masters, we are exceedingly grateful to Mr. Allen, who is at all events good enough to work upon their lines. We should not advise anybody to take up "From the Green Bag" if fresh from a perusal of, say, "Father Tom and the Pope"; but if he has only been going through a recent course of current Irish fiction, and does not mind a little monotony, he will find the volume intensely entertaining in comparison. That Mr. Allen fails to give precisely the true touch, and to catch exactly the right ring, is obviously due to his too obvious intention to be comic, thus reminding one far too much of burlesque histories of England and such-like literature. So far as the present volume is concerned, the best example of his work is the first of the sketches, called "Dan's Pilgrimage," in which, indeed, the smell of the lamp is scarcely perceptible.

"The Rambler Papers," by Jeffery C. Jeffery (1 vol.: W. H. Allen and Co.), are ushered in by an attractively modest preface, which the work itself more than justifies. The author considers that he will have reached his aim if each reader finds but one passage in what he calls his "Papers" suited to his or her taste; and we should say that very few readers will fail to find a great many. The volume is much more a regular novel, according to form, than its title or its prefatory professions denote or promise; and, in particular, it has the advantage of an exceptionally interesting heroine, in the person of Miss Peggy Wyld, better known by the suggestive sobriquet of "Grit." The society into which Mr. Jeffery brings his readers is exclusively military; and it differs from the typical military novel in being written in a manly style and in dealing with real men and women. The work is eminently one of observation; as is further proved by the author's regular lapse into conventionality when he is obviously drawing upon his imagination.

"Three Friends," by "Yrla" (1 vol.: Digby and Long), is the story of a melodramatic half-German, half-Spaniard, who spent his whole time in concocting fatuous schemes of diabolical villainy, and in invariably failing, except twice—once when he poisoned his brother, and once again when he hired an assassin to despatch his hardly less imbecile nephew at the Battle of Waterloo. Everybody else sees through him at a glance: he is even more incapable as a villain than the person who used to stalk the stage in a black cloak and burnt cork, and exclaim "Ha ha!" Round Don Juan von Brennel revolves a Polish satellite who is even wicked and stupider than his principal. If plenty of incident could make a novel, "Three Friends" would have nothing to fear; murders, attempts to murder, battles, frauds, abductions, forgeries, treacheries, fill to overflowing a volume which winds up with a blaze of wedded happiness, the repentant villain-in-chief included. Altogether one is kept at an excess of high-pressure, and feels relieved when there is nothing more to come.

FEMALE CONVICT LIFE
AT WOKING

III.

THE best behaved female convicts are the "lifers"—the infanticides, "the star women," i.e., the convicts who are in for their first offence, and who bear as a distinguishing mark a star upon the left arm. Our artist has depicted a group of these stars—here are the young women who have preferred to destroy the lives of their infants rather than acknowledge the sin and shame which had brought them into being, who have been caught red-handed, tried, and sentenced, not a few of them escaping the gallows by a hair's breadth.

They are the best of prisoners at Woking, as elsewhere, many of them truly penitent women, thanks to the ministrations of the chaplain and the priest—they have no break-out, they do their allotted share of work uncomplainingly, and they are very often trusted implicitly by the authorities in kitchen-work, laundry-work, and cleaning-work, and in those little special missions which crop up occasionally, and which it would savour of insanity to delegate to any one of the regular convict pattern.

These infanticides are really branded, or labelled, with two stars, like a second-class quality of Hennessey's or Martell's cognac. The red star under the other is significant of "murder most foul"; it is affixed to a kind of black cloth badge, on which is also enumerated the number of their "register," and a second number under the star to indicate the length of time the convict has to serve. If the sentence be life, the single letter "L," in lieu of a number, tells the grim story to all whom it may concern. Were this a critical essay—which it is not—one might feel disposed to question the advisability of this, and to speculate as to the various reasons for thus publicly branding the blackest of the sheep; but we do not mean that there is any protest anywhere against the rule, and in all instances it appears to work satisfactorily. The women do not resist it, or rebel against it—it is part of their fate, these scarlet stars.

Looking in upon them in the great prison-kitchen—where we taste the soup and bread and pudding under their observant eyes—it is almost impossible to associate with these fair faces and grave looks the awful crime for which they are doing penance. They are so different in appearance from the ordinary convict; one misses at once the heavy jowl, the sunken eyes, the retreating chin or the over-solid chin, and the low, pent-house forehead of the old penitentiary hand.

There are some strange stories to be told of the infanticides—the red stars—stories of romance and tragedy that the novelist has not dreamed of yet, wild realities of life that in fiction would have been dubbed at once by a scandalised critic as highly improbable, and utterly untrue to human nature in every respect.

Some ten or twelve years ago one of the infanticide class was the leading character of a little romance. Matrons long in service at Woking, and matrons long past service, may remember one very pretty and well-behaved female convict who had been a nursemaid in a gentleman's family, and who it was said had been "led away" by the eldest son. She was tried, and found guilty of the murder of her infant, whose body was discovered, we understand, several months after the perpetration of the crime. The woman confessed to the murder, and was in the course transferred to Woking. She was an exceptionally good prisoner, had been evidently well-educated for her station in life, and seemed altogether of a different class to the majority of those by whom she was



"RED STAR WOMEN" CONDEMNED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE FOR INFANTICIDE
DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD

surrounded. Matrons of prisons are not impressionable beings, but they were prone to make a story—even a mystery—out of this young woman, and this was enhanced by the behaviour of those who came at the allotted periods of time—every three months as a rule—to visit her. Her visitors were not those of her own family, but her late mistress and daughters, who generally arrived in a carriage and pair with much outward show. There was evidently

considerable sympathy and even affection between the servant and the family, and the greatest kindness of manner was exhibited, even an extraordinary kindness, that begat suspicion, in more than one occasion. "Dear Fred," wrote to her—"Dear Fred," who complicated the story not a little, and whom no one could make out, was the explanation. "I would have come to see her," was the quick reply to this.

To the imaginative mind of one officer, all this was a story of self-sacrifice, self-abnegation; and a fear that the woman was undergoing penal servitude. A little while before Her Majesty's pardon was extended to her she was so mortified at what she considered the extra privileges conceded to one well-behaved woman in the kitchen division that she seized an opportunity to pin to her back a paper on which she had continued to write—This is the model woman.

F. W. ROBINSON

of his composition before delivering it to the prisoner, but he wound up with a piece of news for her—"Amelia is no longer a gushing girl," he wrote. Who was Amelia, and what had she to do with this little prison tragedy?

Although, as a rule, the women who have taken life are the best behaved of female convicts, and generally occupy the more responsible posts of the prison, there are exceptions to the rule. Not a very striking exception, however, was a female convict to whom we will now refer, one whose trial and sentence was a *cause célèbre* in its day, the subject of innumerable leading articles and heated discussions, and whose name we will not mention here, as the gates have been opened to her, and her liberty granted after long years of prison servitude. She was a young lady by birth, and many reams of sentimental literature have been spun over the theory of her crime and her after confession, but she was far from sentimental in Woking Prison—on the contrary, as matter of fact and as cruelty, and as quick to secure a privilege, as any of her sister convicts. She was seldom punished for insubordination, and she took her place amongst the kitchen-women after her probationary period had expired. She was no favourite with her contemporaries, and was not greatly liked by the officers, but she shone well in her various posts fairly well. It was in the wind, probably, that a pardon might in due course be extended to her, for it was noticed that she conspicuously participated in keeping her hair in a bunch under her cap, in order, it was said spitefully by her fellow-prisoners, to save her parting when she got out.

To her credit, it may be said, that she once took upon herself, in association, to reprove a prisoner who mentioned that she loathed and despised everybody in the service who had turned a key upon her—that she hated them all, and wished them all dead, from the lady-superintendent downwards. This was at the period when Mrs. Gibson was lady-superintendent of Woking Prison, and before the present governor came into office.

"What is the lady-superintendent to do with it?" asked the subject of our present remarks, "she does not turn the key upon anybody. It is not fair, because she is put in authority over us, for any one to hate her." But the other was not so sure upon the point, she hated everybody, she did, "most consummately."

Our special prisoner had an excellent appetite, and did not in any way or at any time appear to be a prey to remorse for a crime which had had especially appalling features connected with it. She was an argumentative prisoner, but business-like to the very last—a hard kind of being, watchful and jealous, and even cruel. She took considerable pleasure in killing a rat when a chance presented itself, which it did occasionally, and her appetite was so good that she had been known, when on kitchen service, to help herself to an extra modicum of cocoa, by drinking surreptitiously from a saucerpan lid that was handy. She stood very much upon her rights, and was especially jealous of any convict whom she thought more favoured by the officers than she was. This was one of her chief troubles, whilst

going a penalty for another's crime, was more than once expressed, and whispered around the matrons at the mess room table. On one occasion "Dear Fred" wrote to her—"Dear Fred," who complicated the story not a little, and whom no one could make out, was the explanation. "I would have come to see her," was the quick reply to this.

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LONDON—THE WEST END

WHEN our artists prepared the large View of London which we published some years back, it was found that, owing to the vastness of our great capital city, it was simply impossible to include in the same illustration the extreme Eastern and the extreme Western suburbs, and we therefore determined to take an early opportunity of supplementing the large View by another, taken from nearly the same spot, but looking in an opposite direction, so as to show the Western, or Court end of London, with as much of its suburbs as was found practicable.

After ascending many important buildings in Westminster and its neighbourhood, it was found that the Victoria Tower was the only situation which offered the required view, and the engraving which we now publish is consequently from a drawing taken at the top of the Victoria Tower, omitting the pinnacles and standards which cut up the landscape into sections. As in our former illustration, it will be noticed that Westminster Abbey forms the most conspicuous foreground object, but instead of its not very striking West front, we have the far more beautiful and varied outlines of its eastern end, with its apse and "chevet," supported by noble flying buttresses, below which is seen the florid and sumptuous architecture of Henry VII.'s Chapel, with its elaborate turrets, panelled walls, rich traceried windows, and the complicated but elegant bay windows, forming small chapels between its buttresses. Close by is the Chapter House of the Abbey, memorable in English history as the first meeting-place of our House of Commons; its lofty, pointed roof was an addition, or rather a restoration, by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and to him we are indebted for the great geometrical windows which form such fine features, both internally and externally. These had, previous to his restoration, been destroyed, and their places occupied by brick walls, and plain, round-headed windows. Fortunately, however, the stone tracery of one of them had been built up in the modern walls, and this enabled Sir Gilbert to restore the whole series.

Over the Chapter House is shown the noble front of the south transept, with its rose window and massive turreted buttresses. The opposite transept has its southern end enveloped in a complicated mass of scaffolding, necessitated by the restoration at present in progress. We do not know whether any of our readers can inform us why this portion of the Abbey is occasionally called "Solomon's Porch."

Between the Chapter House and the apse of the Abbey is the portion of the church called "Poets' Corner," from the number of memorials erected there during the last three centuries. In earlier times it had a painful notoriety from the murder of a knight, named Haule, absolutely within the church, presumably by some

To the west of the Abbey, beneath Hawkesmoor's not unipicuous Gothic towers, is seen the great glass roof of the Westminster Aquarium, and beyond it that peculiar building—we know not whether it is an observatory, or for what object it was built—called "Hankey's Folly." Its outline, though strange, is far from unpleasing, and would be striking but for the overwhelming height of the lofty sets of chambers to its left, above which is seen the great extended quadrangular block of buildings forming Buckingham Palace.

A stranger looking down upon London from Victoria Tower would say, "Here your great city comes to an end, for beyond I see groves of trees, 'lakes,' and greensward in every direction; yet there are evidently other towns and cities in the distance." The delusion is so remarkable that at first sight one's ideas of metropolitan geography are quite upset. A little consideration, however, reminds one that the groves of trees and the green sward are simply the Green Park, Hyde Park, and the beautiful gardens of Buckingham Palace, whereas the "lakes" are the Serpentine, the Long Water, and the lake in Buckingham Palace Gardens.

We must, however, return to our starting-point. To the extreme right of the Abbey and St. Margaret's we shall notice the vast Italian buildings of the Foreign Office, with its apparently incomplete tower relieved against the trees of St. James's Park, beyond which are seen the two Carlton Terraces, separated by the broad vista of Waterloo Place, at the extreme end of which are the steps and column erected to the memory of the Duke of York, which, we are told, will soon be numbered among the things of the past.

To the right of Carlton Terrace is the scene of another contemplated improvement—the narrow passage through Spring Gardens passing the office of the Board of Works, and leading to Trafalgar Square. May we not hope also that Trafalgar Square itself may before long be considered "capable of improvement?" It has been described as the "finest site in Europe," and, if so, the buildings surrounding it are certainly unworthy of such a locality. It would take up too much of our space to describe the various streets, buildings, &c., seen beyond Trafalgar Square, shown in our view. Regent Street, the Quadrant, and the huge bulk of the Langham Hotel may be distinguished a little to our left, with the Regent's Park and the heights of Hampstead in the distance.

Again, passing on to the left, we see the lofty roof of St. James's Hall, the spire of St. James's Church, Westminster, which was spoilt because another architect produced a cheaper plan for its completion than that of Sir Christopher Wren, and not far from his is seen the unsatisfactory and stumpy tower of St. George's, Hanover Square, a church which, however, possesses a priceless gem of art in the magnificent stained glass of its East window, possibly designed by the elder Holbein or Aldegrave, undoubtedly the finest

Street may be noticed the Venetian Gothic front of the Architectural Museum, and away behind it, surrounded by shabby and poverty-stricken lanes, are the huge gasometers of the Chartered Gas Company. Sir G. Scott's solid and simple church of St. Matthew, the Wesleyan College, Westminster Congregational Church, and the open green space called Vincent Square, a playground of Westminster School, the Italian Gothic tower of St. James the Less, by the late Mr. Street, the lofty spire of St. Stephen's Church, erected by Lady Burdett Coutts in memory of her father, and the quaint old Greycoat School somewhat relieve the shabby appearance of this unattractive neighbourhood. Nearer to Victoria Street is St. Andrew's Church, a building in the French Gothic style, and close adjoining is the large open space reserved for the future Roman Catholic Cathedral. Beyond is seen the aristocratic region of Belgravia, Chester Square, Eaton Square, and further to the right the stately mansions of Grosvenor Place, with their high pavilion roofs, and to the left Chelsea Hospital, surrounded by its quaint and pleasant old garden.

A reach of the Thames here comes into our view, crossed by the Albert Suspension Bridge, with Battersea Park on its southern bank, where one may see the fine colonnades of Burlington House lying flat on the ground, while their delicately-carved friezes are being kicked out of all form by the hob-nailed boots of the London "Arry," who relishes this kind of sport so kindly provided for him. It is simply a national disgrace that nothing has been done to put an end to this mischief.

Further on in the distance the reaches of the Thames are seen, winding now this way, now that, while the view is closed by the heights of Richmond. In the centre of the drawing—looking like a great, isolated city—is the group of buildings at South Kensington, the lofty towers of the Natural History Museum, the great Italian-looking Church of the Oratory, the vast dome of the Albert Hall, the gilded pinnacles of the Albert Memorial, and the lofty spire of St. Mary Abbot's, with the distant trees of Holland Park rising behind it. To the left are the two Notting Hills and the great overgrown neighbourhood of Bayswater, the trees of Kensington Gardens, and the Serpentine, with its pretty bridge, apparently cutting them off with all association with the rest of London.

The mansions of Piccadilly, Mayfair, and Hyde Park Corner appear to be wedged in between dense masses of foliage, but this wedge rapidly widens out to the right, and becomes absorbed in that huge agglomeration of streets and buildings to the north and west of Oxford Street, Tyburnia, Paddington, Marylebone, &c. Any attempt to describe this vast and overwhelming hive of human beings would be quite beyond the limits of our space, and we must therefore refer our readers who care to pursue the subject to the pages of Mr. Loftie,* or Cassell's "Old and New London."

There can be no doubt that the West End of London presents a most attractive aspect from the Victoria Tower; the smoke which disfigures the eastern and southern portions of the metropolis is here less conspicuous; whereas the beautiful parks, groves, gardens, and squares, by subdividing the huge mass of buildings into a number of separate groups, does away with that hideous monotony which is the inevitable result of a vast number of modern streets spread over a large tract unbroken by natural features, or grand architectural structures.

H. W. B.

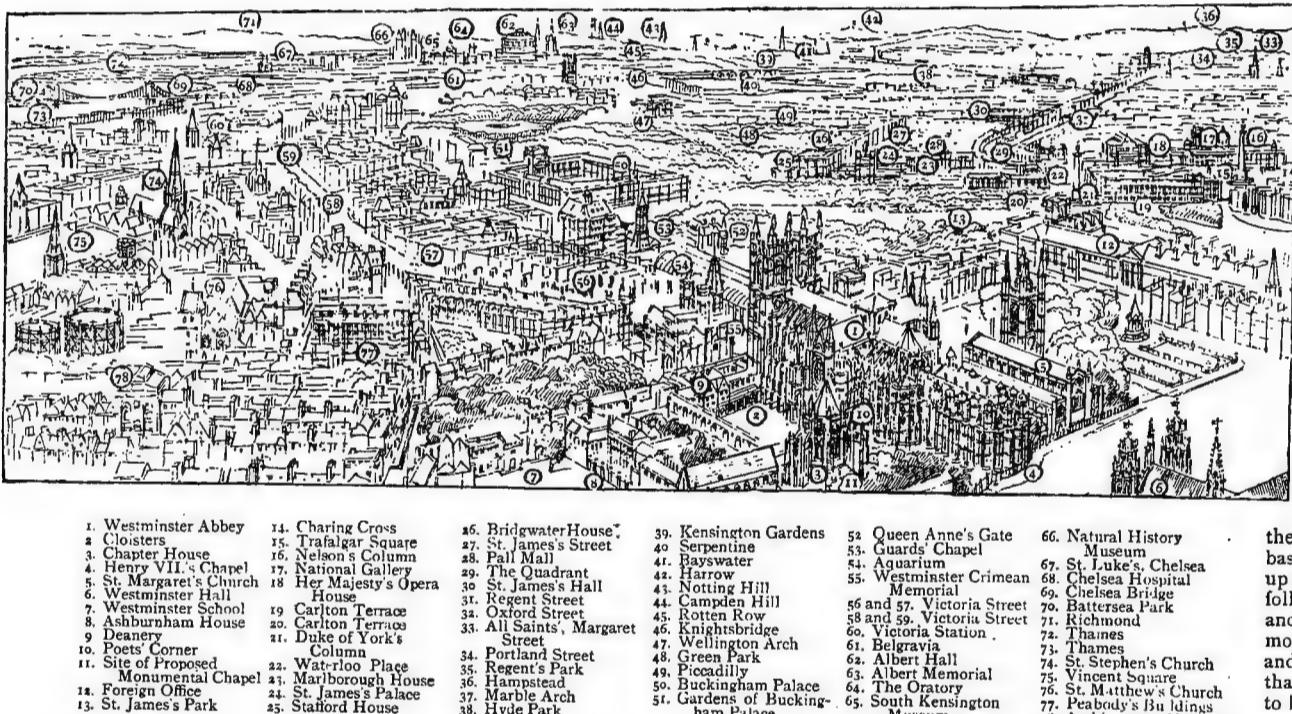
NEW MUSIC

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—During this month and next, Harvest Festivals will be held in town and country; it is to be regretted that a "Harvest Cantata" by G. Garrett, Mus. Doc., comes to hand so late in the season; as it is easy, simple, and short, there would yet be time for an intelligent choir to learn it. The words are well selected and written by John Francis Waller, LL.D. The time occupied for the performance of this cantata is only twenty minutes, when the interpolated hymns are omitted; it is well, if possible, to retain them, as the congregation can join in such well-known favourites as "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come" (Sir G. J. Elvey), "Lord of the Harvest" (J. Barnby), and "We Plough the Fields and Scatter" (German). A short recitative or basses, "And Thou Shalt Observe the Feast of Weeks," leads up to a spirited chorus, "Come, let Us Keep our Harvest," which is followed by a semi-chorus, "That which in the Fields we'd Sown," and a chorus, "No Sacrifice of Blood we Offer Thee." Two of the most telling pieces are a choral recitative and chorus, "Young Men and Maidens," and trio of maidens and children, "The Flowers that are Fairest." As a whole, this unpretentious cantata is highly to be commended.—In home circles where, as is generally the case, the female element is predominant, "Novello's Collection of Trios, Quartets, &c.," for female voices, provide a fund of fireside amusement. Given a patient and self-sacrificing accompanist, and the chorists may gather round the hearth and spend many a pleasant hour. We have before us from Nos. 210 to 223 of this excellent collection. The first five of this group are written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Oliver King; they all treat of spring and its delights; next we have a charming little idyll "In the Hayfields," words by Jetty Vogel, music by the late Ciro Pinsuti. For Nos. 217 and 218, "The Torrent" and "I Know a Glade," Clifton Bingham has written the words and Arthur W. Merchant has composed the music. Most praiseworthy of the group are, "Remember Now Thy Creator" (219) and "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters" (220), words from Holy Writ, music by W. Sterndale Bennett, arranged as a duet and trio. The remaining three of the collection are "Love's Philosophy" and "A Lament," P. B. Shelley, and "Night Song," words by James Russell Lowell, music for all by Martin Roeder.—Nos. 553 and 554 of "Novello's Part Song Book" are, "Evening Song" and "The Flower's Review," by Franz Abt.—An enthusiastic song of the tender passion is "In Loving Thee," words by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, D.D., music by A. C. Mackenzie, scarcely what would have been expected from these grave collaborateurs.—No. 16 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s "Album for Violin and Pianoforte" contains "Twelve Characteristic Pieces" by the rising young composer J. Jacques Haakman, who has proved himself to be a sound musician.

MESSRS. C. DUCCI AND CO.—A song which has already made a name in America, Australia, and England is "When Twilight Comes," words by the Baroness Porteous, music by A. Strelezki, violin obligato *ad libitum* by Guido Papini; it is published in C and D.—Well worthy to be learnt by heart is "Minuetto," pour piano par Ant. Dvorak; it is difficult to master, but will not soon be forgotten.—A charming piece for the pianoforte is "Barcarolle Catalane," by J. Albeniz.—Two useful pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room are, "Printemps et Jeunesse," a valse de salon, by E. Rubini, and "Retraite Mauresque," by Alfred H. West.

A MONSTER BELL will be hung in the new Parisian church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. A large Savoyard colony exists in Paris, including among its members the present President of the Municipal Council, so this bell is to be presented by natives of Savoy, and christened "La Savoyarde." It will be cast at Annecy, and will be considerably larger than the biggest bell of Notre Dame. Various inscriptions and crests will be engraved on the bronze, together with the names of all the subscribers.

* A "History of London," by W. J. Loftie.



members of the household of John of Gaunt. So great was the horror with which this deed was regarded in so sacred a place, that the Abbey was closed for a year, its pavement ploughed up, and the building laid under an interdict, necessitating the reconsecration of the whole church. Nor did the matter end here; for John of Gaunt and his whole household were threatened by the Bishop of London with excommunication. It is stated that the deed of excommunication published the anathema of the Church against all concerned in the murder of Robert Haule, *except (1) John, Duke of Lancaster.* A little way within the doorway of Poets' Corner a blue stone marks the spot where the murder was committed.

A little further to the left are seen the Cloisters of the Abbey surrounding their green garth, for many generations the burial-place of the monks. To the west are the picturesque buildings of the Deanery, formerly the Abbot's House; to the south is the long ruined wall of the Refectory; and, more in the foreground, the high tiled roof of the monks' dormitory, now Westminster School-room. Portions of this building are of great antiquity, and were evidently erected by Edward the Confessor. Over the school-room is seen the picturesque group of roofs marking the position of Ashburnham House and its surrounding buildings, which formed the "Misericord" of the Abbey.

Great and Little Dean's Yard, surrounded by buildings partly ancient and partly modern, with more than one picturesque old gateway and tiled-roof building, extends towards the left of our view, and marks the site of old monastic offices. The late Sir Gilbert Scott's lofty Gothic gateway now forms the entrance to the Abbey precincts from the Broad Sanctuary. It is a great temptation to linger over the many recollections of the past that abound in this neighbourhood, but our space will not allow of doing so. The only other ancient buildings in the neighbourhood to which we must refer are St. Margaret's Church—which is shown conspicuously in our view to the right of Henry VII.'s Chapel—and Westminster Hall, the modern pinnacles of which are shown in the immediate foreground, the right-hand corner of our illustration. With regard to St. Margaret's Church, we wish to protest against the senseless outcry which has been raised for its destruction, on the ground that it interrupts the view of the Abbey. Now, such an act would be positive "Vandalism." In the first place, it would destroy the finest old parish church in London—the burial-place of Caxton and many other worthies; and, in the second place, the apparent size of the Abbey would be greatly diminished, as there would be no building sufficiently near to it to give that contrast which is essential to all vast architectural structures.

work of its kind in England. A little more towards the centre of the picture are the roofs of the Pall Mall club-houses, and between these, and facing St. James's Park, with its beautiful lake, called by the nonsensical name of the "Ornamental Water," are to be noticed Marlborough House, the residence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and St. James's Palace, with its lofty embattled Tudor gateway, and plain, though not unpleasing garden front. It seems strange that this unpretending and quiet-looking old building should have given its name to the English Court during one of the most critical periods of our history, when it may be almost literally said that it was but the toss-up of a halfpenny whether this country was to be ruled by the "Court of St. James's" or that of "St. Germain's." Beyond are three of the noblest mansions in London—Suffolk House, Bridgewater House, and Spencer House, and here the great triangular expanse of the Green Park opens out to the northward, and helps in giving the more western portions of London that singularly isolated effect to which we have previously alluded.

We must, however, again return to our starting point, Westminster Abbey. Immediately at the foot of the southern tower is seen the Westminster Memorial, erected from the designs of the late Sir G. Scott in memory of former members of Westminster School who fell in the Crimean War. Near this point Victoria Street, one of the largest and most important thoroughfares in the Metropolis, commences, and is seen extending itself across our view diagonally in a curved sweep, until it reaches the Grosvenor Hotel with its four dome-capped towers. To its right and left are intricate mazes of streets, lanes, courts, and alleys—a portion of old Westminster, which was cut in half by the making of Victoria Street. There are many quaint old nooks in these crowded streets of old Westminster and Pimlico—a name, by the way, the meaning of which is forgotten. Amongst others Queen Anne's Square, now for some unknown reason called Queen Anne's "Gate," though why a "square" is more correctly described as a "gate" we are at a loss to imagine, the far less pleasant Tothill Street, its very unfashionable neighbour, some quaint old almshouses, the new Westminster Town Hall, and the graveyard of Christ Church with its pleasant oasis of greenery, may be seen to the right of Victoria Street. To the left is a more densely crowded neighbourhood. The portion which lies near to the precincts of the Abbey looks singularly pretty and picturesque when seen from above on account of the intermingling of red-tiled roofs, gables, chimneys, and old trees. Here are Great and Little College Streets, Tufton Street, Great Smith Street, Cowley Street, with many well-built houses of the days of Queen Anne and the First George, once the abode of poets and eminent actors. In Tufton



THE elections take place throughout FRANCE to-morrow (Sunday). This last week of preparation has teemed with electoral manifestoes, persuasive letters from official quarters, and noisy meetings, all devoted to the sole end of leading the electors in the way they should go, according to the views of the different factions. The electoral contest has now narrowed down to a struggle between two main parties—Republicans and Boulangists, the General's followers including Royalists, Bonapartists, and Boulangists proper, with "Revision" as their war-cry. Unfortunately for the Republicans, they have no genuinely popular leader, for the ablest man of their party, M. Jules Ferry, cannot clear himself from the taint of ineffectual Colonial policy which condemns him with the public at large. General Boulanger is keen enough to utilise this disadvantage, and loudly warns voters against M. Ferry and the "Opportunist politicians who have brought France to the edge of a precipice over which we will prevent her from falling." The General issued several final addresses to the "people, my only judge," and, though the Government removed some of the most abusive, others were allowed to remain freely on the walls, as being simply electoral addresses, and not manifestoes. The last of all was couched in the usual violent terms, stigmatising the Republicans as "traitors, pretended sons of the Revolution," who have "done violence to conscience, crushed liberty, and prostituted justice." On the other hand, most of the Republican manifestoes are singularly calm and dignified, especially those of M. Constant, Minister of the Interior, and of M. Ferry, the latter remarking that "Revision is civil war." M. Floquet spoke in the same moderate strain at a public meeting where the Boulangist candidates were hooted; but the latter had their revenge by mobbing M. Floquet as he passed through their stronghold, Montmartre, so that he had to escape under police protection. Another Boulangist demonstration occurred at Angoulême, where the head of the police would have been ducked in the river had not the soldiers come to the rescue; while several duels have resulted from the electoral excitement. The Church has taken a far more prominent part in the matter than usual, most of the Bishops ranging themselves against the Government, thanks to the recent anti-Clerical policy and to M. Thévenet's injudicious circular against priestly influence. From all appearances, the struggle at the polls will be very severe. There are over 10½ million voters, and, even reckoning that many abstain, some 8 millions are certain to go to the polls. Just 1,800 candidates have come forward for 560 arrondissements—over three apiece—so that numerous second ballots will be required for October 6th. In any case, owing to the mass of votes to be counted, the general result will not be known earlier than Monday, and the complete returns a fortnight later. Naturally at this time the country takes interest in nothing beyond the elections, though elaborate army manoeuvres are being witnessed by M. de Freycinet.

Several very important gatherings have been held in PARIS, such as the Monetary Congress, the Spiritualist Congress, the International Railway Congress, and the Workmen's Accident Congress, the members being entertained by banquets, visits to public institutions, and gala performances. To-day, Saturday, a grand popular demonstration will take place, when President Carnot unveils the monument of the "Triumph of the Republic," another national memorial—to the soldiers and sailors killed in the Franco-Prussian War—having been inaugurated a few days earlier. The directors of the bankrupt Comptoir d'Escompte have been condemned to refund the money paid by those shareholders who joined the Company just before the collapse.

GERMANY has watched the visit of the Emperor to Hanover with special interest, doubting his reception in the Guelph stronghold. But the Hanoverians were most cordial. Indeed, Emperor William declared that no German city had yet offered him so magnificent a greeting. At the official banquet the Hanoverian Governor neatly remarked that as the Fatherland had become larger so the Hanoverian duties towards it had increased, and the Emperor in return drank to their unshakable loyalty and self-sacrificing patriotism. The manoeuvres went off brilliantly, and the Czarevitch was honoured and feted in every possible way, as if to give an earnest how the Czar will be treated if he comes. Now the Czar is announced to be coming with the Czarina just before Emperor William leaves for Athens next month, but the Germans remain sceptical. The various German African Companies loudly express their disappointment at Prince Bismarck's refusal of Government support, notably the South-West African Colonial Association, whose balance is dwindling from the bad state of affairs in Damara Land. The German Vitu Company is in worse case, and considers itself ruined by the late concessions to the British East African Company, unless the Government will subsidise a line of steamers. Neither Dr. Peters nor Captain Wissmann's Expeditions seem very flourishing, though the latter has been successful in some small skirmishes. Prince Bismarck is suffering from an old affection in the leg.

In EASTERN EUROPE the chief point is the return of Queen Natalie to SERVIA, which is awaited with the utmost anxiety. Her Majesty has been received with Regal honours at Odessa, and declares that she will not yield a jot of her rights at Belgrade. Plainly she returns under Muscovite support, while Russia makes a further bid for influence in the kingdom by offering to educate three hundred of the most promising students. King Milan is said to intend coming to Belgrade if the Queen remains too long, or busies herself in politics, so the outlook is far from promising. The alarming armament question has quieted down, some of the Reserves having been dismissed after their training, so BULGARIA breathes more freely. One of the most prominent Eulgarian statesmen has just died in Paris, M. Stoianoff, President of the Sobranje, who virtually governed the country during the *interregnum* between Princes Alexander and Ferdinand, and at one time threatened to become Dictator and draw Bulgaria into war. He was able and ambitious, devoted to Prince Ferdinand, and a bitter Russophobe.—In CRETE, Chakir Pasha is conducting the government with a heavy hand on the malcontents who still refuse to submit to Turkish authority, and the Governor is accused of persecuting the Christians. In TURKEY the preliminary examination of Moussa Bey is stated to be proceeding secretly. Great honours have been paid to the officers of the British Mediterranean Squadron, the Sultan being especially cordial to Admiral Hoskins.

ITALY has been startled by an assault on Signor Crispì. The Premier was driving through Naples with his daughter, when a young student, named Caporali, flung a large stone at him, and then, springing into the carriage, struck Signor Crispì with another sharpened stone, cutting him deeply on the chin and jawbone. A passing priest seized the assailant amid much excitement, and Caporali declared that he had attacked the Premier simply because he had been out of employment for months, and wished to avenge his misfortunes on a fortunate man. Great sympathy was shown for Signor Crispì, crowds surrounding his house, while congratulatory messages on his escape came from most foreign Governments, as well as from King Humbert and all parts of Italy. Although the injury was severe, and the Premier was much troubled by bleeding from the

ear, he is speedily recovering, thanks to quiet and rest. Caporali is a weak-minded Republican, of Socialist tendencies, and seems to have no accomplices. Many people, however, suspect the influence of the Italian Irredentist party, while the Vatican Press dilate on this retribution for Signor Crispì's anti-Clerical policy. There is much congratulation in Papal circles, by the by, at Cardinal Manning's judicious mediation in the London strikes, and the *Osservatore Romano* remarks that his success is "a peaceful victory for the alliance between the Church and the people."

In BELGIUM a Government inquiry is investigating the causes of the late terrible disaster at Antwerp, and the owner of the cartridge factory, M. Corvilain, has been arrested, with his engineer. M. Corvilain tries to shift the blame to M. Rieth's petroleum stores, which he declares caught fire before his factory exploded, but as all the eye-witnesses of the catastrophe were killed, it is difficult to decide the question. Captain Shaw, who has been inspecting the ground, believes that the explosion occurred first, and, from the appearance of the two huge holes which mark the site of the factory, inclines to the idea that some other powerful explosive was the agent rather than the comparatively small quantity of gunpowder removed from the old cartridges. Meanwhile the buildings in Antwerp have suffered to the extent of 20,000/-, large sums have been lost in petroleum, and the neighbourhood of the explosion is a wreck. The dead are officially estimated at 135, with twenty missing; 100 are seriously, and 250 slightly injured. Curiously enough an explosion has occurred in a cartridge factory at Paris belonging to M. Corvilain's son—without much damage, however.

The prospects of the Emperor being crowned King of Bohemia arouse serious controversy in AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. Count Thun, the newly-appointed Governor of Bohemia, has previously advocated this step so warmly that the Czechs' hopes run high, much to the vexation of the German party in the province, who muster nearly half the population. The Hungarians strongly oppose the idea, pointing out that the Czechs would then require Home Rule, Austria would cease to be one United State, and would therefore loosen the bonds with Hungary, leaving a mere personal union. With Bohemia as a separate kingdom, Hungary would no longer be one-half of a Dual Empire, but merely a State in an Imperial Federation. Moreover the Czechs themselves are divided, so that on all sides the Government is being urged not to entertain a suggestion which would create bitter jealousy and trouble among the divers races of the Empire. Hints from official organs denote this view is taken at headquarters, now that an attempt to unite the Czech and German parties in Bohemia has been made without the slightest success. The Emperor has been in Bohemia and Galicia for the manoeuvres, which have been made specially interesting by the trial of the new Mannlicher repeating rifle. This weapon proved most successful, but requires the use of the new smokeless powder, owing to its rapid fire.

Religious excitement in INDIA usually causes disturbances between the Hindoos and Mussulmans during the Mohurram Festival, and this year Rohtak, in the Punjab, has been the scene of a serious faction-fight. The Hindoos attacked the Mohurram procession, so that the police had to fire on the mob, and rioting continued all over the city till heavy reinforcements arrived from Delhi. Similar disturbances were soon quelled at Shahdara, and at Umritsur, the sacred city of the Sikhs. The coming Chin-Lushai Expedition starts about the 2nd December, the Chin column being under General Symons, who retains the supreme political control, and the Lushai force under Colonel Tregebar. One of the divisions will operate from Burma, being subdivided into two sections, and strengthened by a Chittagong force. Besides punishing the Lushais and other raiding tribes, the expedition is intended to explore the little-known district between Burma and Chittagong. The Government is also busy planning railways to open up the famine-districts, such as Ganjam, where the prospects steadily improve. It is very difficult, however, to deal with the famine-stricken persons, owing to their caste prejudices, and at first the authorities had to positively force the pariahs to attend the relief kitchens. Bombay is highly indignant at the proposal to despatch the English mail on Sunday, and a large meeting of all communities was held on Wednesday to protest against the alteration.

The recent storms on the eastern coasts of the UNITED STATES have been the most severe and continuous ever known in September. Rain fell steadily for over four days, and the towns on the New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland seaboard suffered grievously. Such well-known watering-places as Atlantic City, Coney Island, and Long Branch were either submerged or had large portions of the foreshore washed away by the heavy tides, while often the sea flowed far inland, and converted small towns into islands, the inhabitants being unable to escape. Communication being interrupted, food ran short in many places. Wrecks strewed the coast, twenty-six vessels perishing in Delaware Bay alone; and many ocean steamers were driven right out of their course, the incoming vessels reporting frightful seas. Some fifty lives are known to have been lost on the coast. When the weather improved, the new Government warship *Baltimore* went out on her trial-trip, and delighted patriotic Americans by promising to prove the fastest man-of-war afloat. The Cronin case still lingers in the preliminary stage, for not a single jurymen has yet been chosen out of the 350 presented. Marshal Nagle, who shot Terry in defence of Justice Field, has been acquitted.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The heat and drought in SPAIN continue excecdingly. For sixty consecutive days no rain has fallen in Madrid nor in seventeen provinces, the only rainfall of any importance being on the south-eastern coast. The typhoid epidemic at Vigo having decreased, the Portuguese Government have relaxed their quarantine regulations.—EGYPT is once more trying to induce France to consent to the conversion of the Debt, hoping that M. Spuller's recent friendly professions may not be mere empty words. The health of the British forces has improved.—The reactionary measures in RUSSIA, proposed by the Tolstoi scheme, are again to be examined by the Council of the Empire before being definitely ratified. They are less likely to be approved than before, as several reforms are found unworkable.—The famine in MONTE NEGRO promises to be very severe, 25,000 families being in distress. In VICTORIA a serious fire has occurred at Melbourne, several firemen being fatally injured.



THE QUEEN continues her excursions round Balmoral with the members of the Royal Family staying at the Castle. Prince Christian Victor is now visiting Her Majesty. The Royal party have been to the Glen Gelder Shiel, to the Danzic Shiel, to Birkhall to see Lady Biddulph, and several times to Mar Lodge to visit the Duke and Duchess of Fife. A few visitors dine with the Queen each evening, Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick, the Earl of Hopetoun, Lady Knutsford, and Sir E. Bradford being among the guests. The Earl of Hopetoun also had an audience of Her

Majesty on Saturday, when he kissed hands on his appointment as Governor of Victoria, and Her Majesty invested him with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. On Sunday the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Balmoral, when the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and in the afternoon Her Majesty, with Princess Alix and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, went to see the ex-Empress Eugénie at Abergeldie. The rest of the Royal party paid Her Majesty a visit later, and next day drove to the Glassalt Shiel. The Queen has already benefited by the bracing air of the Highlands, and is much stronger than of late.

The Prince of Wales and his two sons remain with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge. On Saturday night they witnessed a torchlight dance by the Fife clansmen in front of the Lodge; and afterwards the Duke and Duchess gave a ball, largely attended by visitors from the neighbourhood, including the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse from Balmoral. On Sunday the Princes, with the Duke and Duchess of Fife and guests, attended Service in the private chapel of Mar Lodge, the Rev. G. Duff officiating. The Prince of Wales is in excellent health, though still a little lame, and has had some good sport in his son-in-law's preserves. The Princess and her daughters are still enjoying the quiet home-life with the Danish Royal Family at Fredensborg. Some of the party are out riding as early as 6 A.M., and in the afternoon nearly every one drives, the King of Denmark himself conducting the Queen and the Czarina, while the Czar takes his children in a large waggonette, and the Princess of Wales acts charioteer for others of the family. Dinner is at six, followed by music from the Royal ladies, especially Queen Louise and the Princess of Wales, while the King and the Czar play whist. The Duchess of Cumberland and her children have left Fredensborg, being seen off by the whole Royal gathering, who spent the day at Copenhagen, lunching with Prince and Princess Waldemar, and strolling through the streets. On Thursday the Royal party were again in Copenhagen to greet the Empress Frederick and her three daughters, who will spend two days at Fredensborg for Princess Sophie to become acquainted with her future grand-parents, the Danish King and Queen. In honour of the Princess of Wales's visit all the members of the British Legation and the English chaplain at Copenhagen have been invited to Fredensborg.—The programme of Prince Albert Victor's Indian tour is now finally arranged. Arriving in Bombay early in November, he will first stay with Lord Reay at Poona, and then go to Hyderabad and Bhownuggar to open the new coast-port, staying afterwards with the Gaekwar at Baroda. He will then follow the programme already announced, and leave Bombay in March.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg also proposed making a tour in India this winter, but the plan has been temporarily abandoned. The Princess will shortly open a bazaar at Reading in aid of the restoration of Holy Trinity Church.—The Duchess of Connaught has been heartily entertained by the Native Ladies' Association of the Deccan.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters left Homburg at the end of last week, after a stay of several months. They went to Schlangenbad for Princess Sophie to wish the Empress Augusta good-bye, and on Sunday spent a few hours at Potsdam, to visit the tomb of the Empress Frederick's third son, Prince Sigismund, on the anniversary of his death. The child is buried in the Friedenskirche with his father, Emperor Frederick, and his brother, Prince Waldemar. The Empress and her daughters then went to Bornstedt, the Emperor Frederick's favourite country-place, and received several friends, afterwards attending the church. On Monday they were to have started for Copenhagen, but delayed their departure until Wednesday, as the Empress had caught a bad cold. On returning to Germany they will stay in Berlin to make preparations for Princess Sophie's marriage, until they leave for Greece early in October, the wedding-day being definitively fixed for October 29th. The bride-elect, with her mother, and the Emperor and Empress will arrive some days before, followed by the Danish King and Crown Prince, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Queen of Greece will return to Athens for the wedding after all, as her father's condition remains unchanged.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has gone to the Highlands, and is staying at Abergeldie.—The King of Holland is ill again.



DR. MACKARNES, late Bishop of Oxford, died on Monday at Eastbourne, in his 69th year. The son of an East Indian merchant, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he was elected a Fellow of Exeter-Taking Orders, he was successively Vicar of Tarditrigge, Rector of Honiton, and Head Master of Honiton School, and Vicar of Monkton. After having been for several years Proctor in Convocation for the Clergy of the Diocese of Exeter, he lost that position through his approval of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Mr. Gladstone rewarded him by procuring, in the same year, his appointment to the See of Oxford in succession to Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. A High Churchman, like his predecessor, he did not emulate him in episcopal energy, though in the well-known Clewer ritual case he vindicated successfully what he considered to be the right of a Bishop to regulate the discipline of the Clergy of his Diocese. Ill health led to his resignation in 1888. Dr. Mackarness married, in 1849, a sister of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

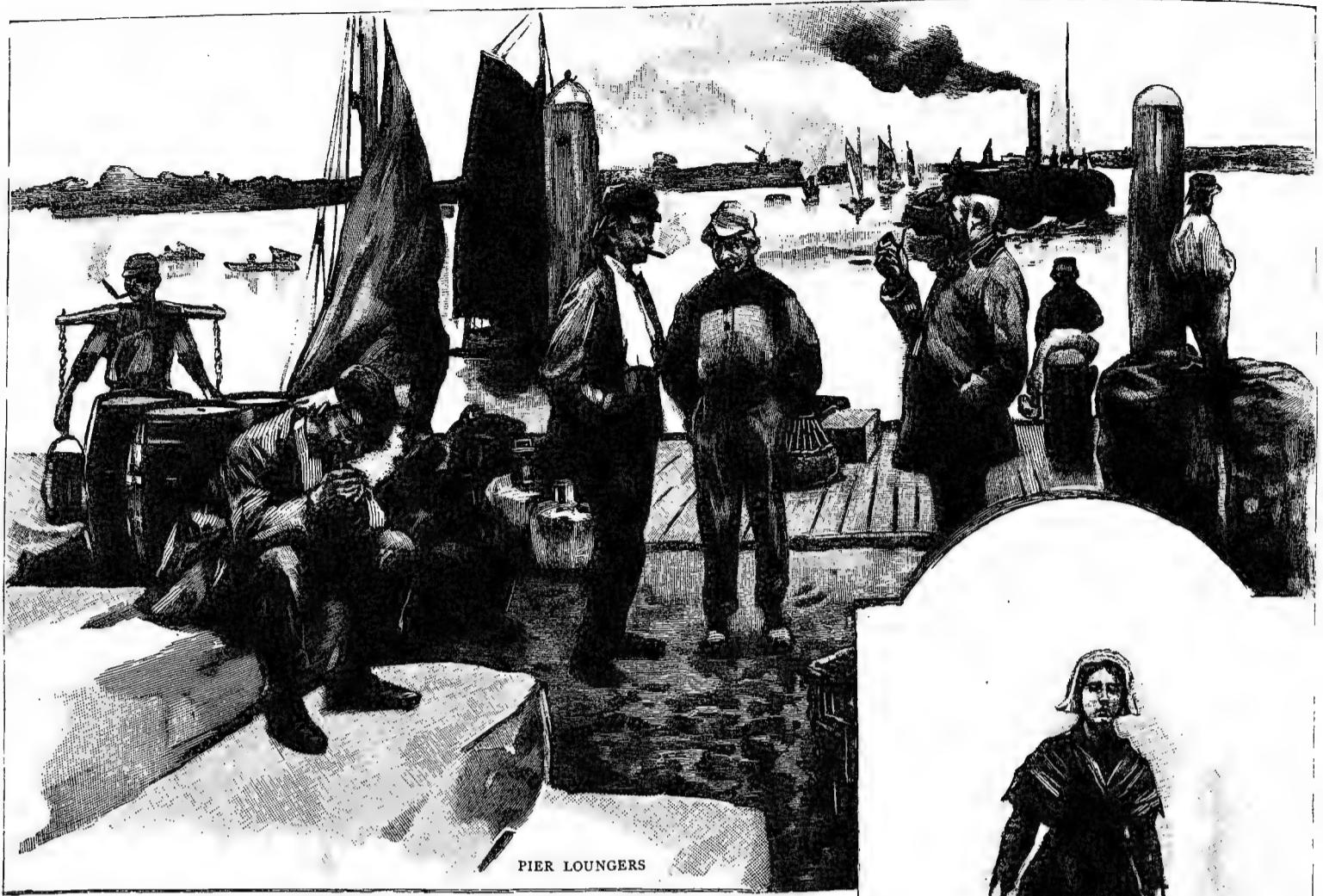
THE BISHOP OF BANGOR is in excellent health, and actively discharging his episcopal duties. The report that he contemplates resigning his See is authoritatively contradicted.—The health of the Bishop of Truro is much improved, and convalescence is expected to result from his contemplated sojourn in Egypt during the winter.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ST. ASAPH have remitted seven and a half per cent. upon all tithes due to them by the farmers and other tithe-payers of Montgomeryshire.

THE HONORARY SECRETARY of the approaching Church Congress, whose address is Congress Hall Office, Princes Chambers, St. John's Square, Cardiff, invites those who are to be present at the Congress, who shall have previously purchased Congress tickets, and who desire local hospitality, to state their requirements. The first to be thus provided for are the appointed readers and speakers, and distinguished persons, clerical and lay. After these, as a general rule, priority of application will procure priority of consideration.

CANON SCOTT HOLLAND had doubtless in view the recently-broached proposal for the establishment of an Anglican monastic order, when, in his sermon last Sunday in St. Paul's Cathedral, he described such an ordered life of devotion as only possible for small knots of secluded people, bound together by system and by sympathy. "A Church sterile of such expressions of life," he said, "must be a Church below its true level."

THE BUILDINGS to be erected for religious and educational purposes, as previously intimated in this column, on the site of the condemned Whitfield Tabernacle, in Tottenham Court Road, are to be designated the Whitfield Memorial Church and Toplady Hall. The writer of the hymn "Rock of Ages" frequently officiated in the Tabernacle, and in it he was buried.



PIER LOUNGERS



MARKET BOATS



MARKET BOATS

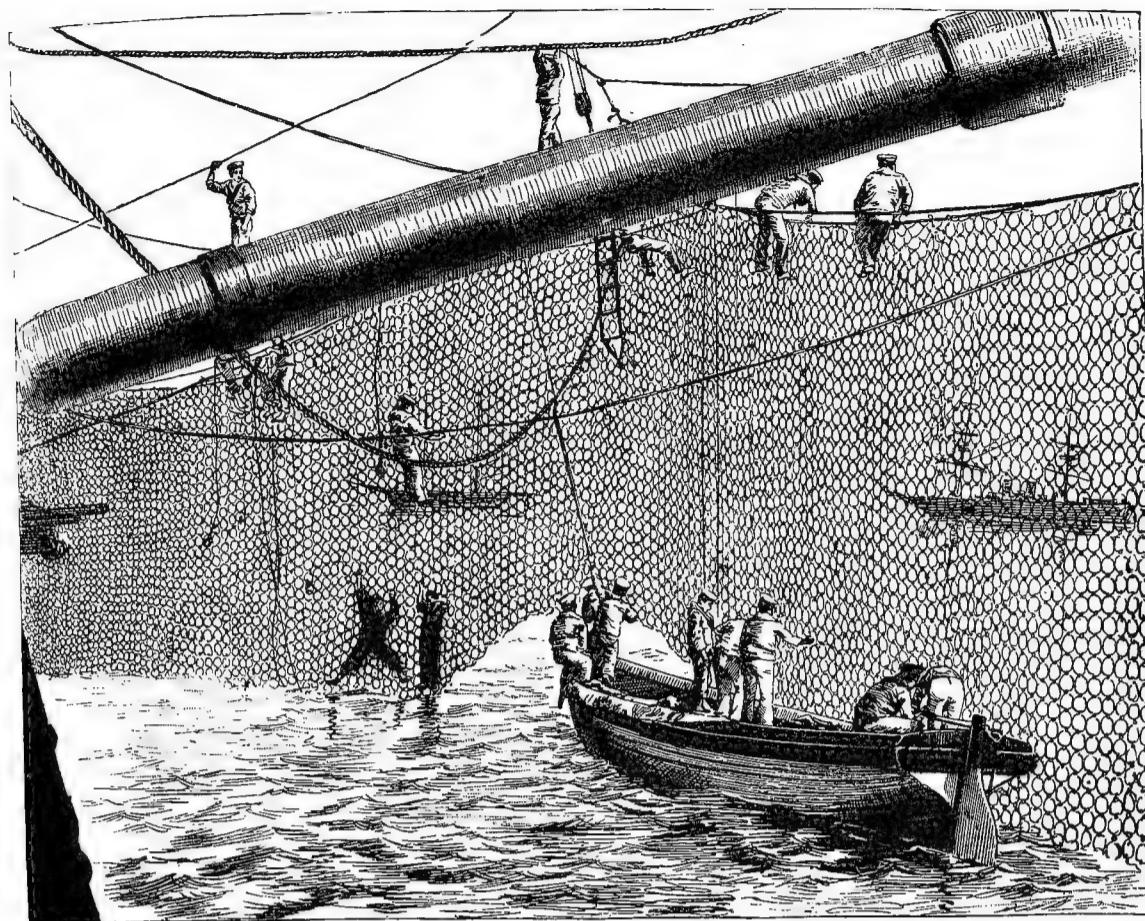
FIRST GLIMPSES OF THE LOW COUNTRY
AN ARTIST'S RANDOM NOTES IN HOLLAND

THE RECENT NAVAL MANŒUVRES

RIGGING TORPEDO NET DEFENCE

THIS illustration is from a photograph taken on board the *Iron Duke*, an ironclad of Admiral Baird's fleet. The nets are topped up so as to admit of the lacing together of the separate nets,

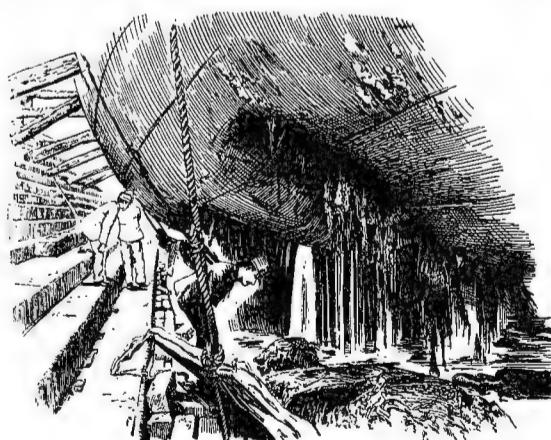
make room to work, some idea may be gathered of the labour and skill required. All along the ruptured seams wooden wedges, oakum, and Chartreuse cement have been driven in, and so completely and carefully has the work been carried out that not even a rivet-hole has been overlooked. With all this the leakage has still been very considerable, and one may doubt if the ship could ever



each of them 10 ft. by 15 ft. They are made of steel wire grummets, connected by small rings of steel, the booms being about 40 feet long. When all are laced together the booms are lowered until the tops of the nets are just above the water.

H.M.S. "SULTAN" IN SOMERSET DOCK,
MALTA

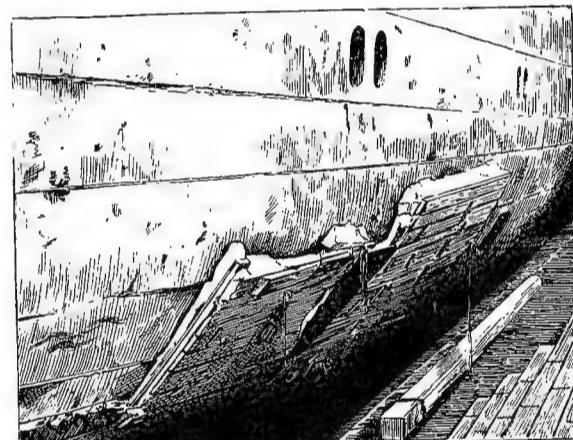
"THE first thing that strikes an observer on arriving at the margin of Somerset Dock," writes a naval officer, "in which the *Sultan* is now lying, is the absence of any sign of damage to that part of the ship's bottom visible from this position. Except for the wrecked and weather-spoiled appearance of her upper works, no one would suppose that the vessel had been having a rough time of it at the bottom of the Comino Channel. On descending into the Dock, however, a very different condition of things is disclosed. All along her starboard side, for a length of upwards of 250 feet, the lines and curves of the bottom, just above and below the bilge keel, are distorted, while on the other hand the port side of the vessel is almost free from injury. Commencing from forward, on the starboard side, at a distance of say 100 feet from the ram, is a long irregular indentation, the crown of which must be driven in some four or five feet from the original lines of the ship. At the foremost end of this distorted part occurs a large hole, which appears to have been punched in by a sharp-pointed rock, the iron plates being torn and twisted, and through the gap, large enough for two men to crawl



ONE OF THE HOLES IN THE SHIP'S SIDE

through together, is observed the inner skin of the "double bottom," dented and distorted, it is true, and opened along the seams, but fairly intact, and free from rupture of the iron. The battered appearance of this part, as also the hole referred to, can be seen in our first illustration. The odds and ends of oakum, sails and other material used to stop the leak are still clinging in their places, and the water comes pouring out from every rift and opening between the plates. Further aft, on the starboard side, other plates, bulged in and sometimes ruptured, form a chain of disaster to the very stern-post. Here, however, the sheathing placed by the skillful divers employed still remains firmly in its place, and has called forth much admiration for the marvellous patience and skill of these men. Our second illustration shows one such piece of sheathing, about 12in. by 15in. Their method appears to have been first to laboriously tap small screw holes in the iron plates by means of which a frame like that of a picture could be attached, so as to "frame in" the hole, then, working on this as a basis, thick planking has been bolted to the frame, commencing from the lower part, and filling in the hole, as the work proceeded, with Chartreuse cement. There are about six such pieces of sheathing on the starboard side, and, considering that in many cases the rock had to be blasted first to

have been raised but for her double bottoms and water-tight compartments. The havoc made of the wooden parts of the upper works of the vessel by wind and sea is very apparent, even the iron channel-plates of the fore-rigging being entirely bared, and all her nettings washed away, while the iron parts, with the exception of the

PART OF THE SHIP'S SIDE, SHOWING HOW THE HOLES WERE
ILLED UP BY THE DIVERS

funnels and some lighter objects, remain standing. It is understood that the injured parts of the hull are to be sheathed in wood, and the vessel so far put to rights as to enable her to get to England in safety, and it is said that the work thus involved will take about six weeks.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT publishes an English edition of his verses, under the title "Blooms and Brambles" (Elliot Stock). Many of his lyrics are very gracefully conceived, and he is skilful in drawing recondite thought, tinged with a hue of melancholy, from the contemplation of things in Nature that are light and beautiful. These two verses from a poem on "Immortelles" show a sadness of reflection, combined with ingenuity:—

Yes, if I read their joyous calm aright,
Mere immortality can ill repay
This sluggish veto on corruption's blight,
This dull and charmless challenge to decay!

For surely these are flowers that well might sleep
Near Stygian waves, and shiver in the breath
Of long disconsolate breezes when they sweep
Out from the dreary meadowlands of Death!

The weird is drawn on also in the imaginative verses addressed to "The Statuette," while there is much forcible irony in "A Kind of Preacher" suggested by Mr. Herbert Spencer's saying that "Volumes might be written on the impiety of the pious." There is a sonnet, too, addressed to this distinguished philosopher, beginning:—"O spacious-brained arch-enemy of lies" which is, perhaps, too grandiloquent to commend itself to most folk. Still there is much music and richness of fancy in many of the compositions to be found in "Blooms and Brambles."

Mr. W. D. S. Alexander has translated from the French the late Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas" (Digby and Long). This version of one of the finest of modern French dramas should be enjoyed by that portion of the public which cannot read it in the original language. Mr. Alexander has adopted the twelve-syllable metre of rhyming verse, because it is the nearest approach possible to the original, and so enables the translator to give the form as well as spirit of the drama. The task of rendering this fine play into English verse has been very efficiently performed.

THEATRES



One of the most noteworthy things about the new play at the HAYMARKET is the incontestable superiority both of the acting and the *mise-en-scène*, as compared with the performance of the original piece in Paris. Time was when English managers and actors were bidden to take a lesson from the French stage; and even in these days we sometimes hear an echo of this once sound and appropriate piece of advice. The spirit of theatrical enterprise, however, fostered by the comparative freedom which it has enjoyed in London since the practical monopoly of some half-dozen houses was broken down, has finally reversed the position of affairs. As regards the mounting and general attention to those details which give animation and completeness to a romantic drama, *Roger La Honte*, at the Ambigu, is left far behind by *A Man's Shadow*, at the Haymarket. It may be admitted that Madame Harris is an actress of more inward force and intensity than Miss Julia Neilson, who seeks to supply the note of passion by attitudinising and vehemence of tone and gesture; but no dispassionate observer who has had an opportunity of contrasting the two performances could fail to feel that here the superiority in the acting is at an end. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's dual performance of Laroque and his villainous double is not a *tour de force*, but a highly-finished artistic effort; and the performance of Mr. Fernandez, in the character of Noirville, the advocate, could hardly be more forcible or impressive. Equally good in its way is Mrs. Tree's impersonation of the heart-broken wife who, owing to the fatal resemblance between her husband and the spy, is compelled to believe that she has the sensible and true avouch of her own eyes for the fact that she is the wife of an assassin. As to the child actress, Miss Minnie Terry, who night after night is playing the arduous part of Laroque's little daughter with such surprising ease, intelligence, and variety of expression, it is not too much to say that she is absolutely without a rival. *A Man's Shadow* is a sombre and, in great degree, a painful play; for what the original comprised in the way of relief has somehow evaporated in the English version, and even sprightly Miss Norreys, with Mr. Colette and Mr. Robson to assist her, can make but little of it. It would seem, however, that the curious fancy of the old lady in the story for being "harrowed up" is largely shared by English playgoers. Any way, the public are flocking to the Haymarket, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree is rejoicing in what promises to be one of the most decided successes of his management.

Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's *London Day by Day*, with which the ADELPHI has reopened for the autumn season, is a work of a widely different complexion from that of the Haymarket piece. These joint playwrights know the temper and the tastes of Adelphi audiences, who delight in a skilful blending of the grave and the gay, the thrilling and the familiar. There is a terrible murder in the third act, wherein the scoundrel Belleville, in order to get rid of an inconvenient obstacle to his mercenary schemes, strangles his deserted wife, in contravention of Horatian maxims, before the eyes of the spectators. But the dreadful deed is done by M. Marius as unobtrusively as the circumstances of the case permit; and elsewhere the playwrights are careful to provide plenty of cheerfulness, together with an abundance of those typical scenes and incidents of London life, both in and out of doors, which never fail to arouse the enthusiasm of Cockney playgoers. Hampton Court Palace and grounds, by virtue of their familiarity to London holiday-makers, may perhaps be included in this description. Leicester Square, however, with the Alhambra all ablaze with lights, and the street-boy selling papers, and refreshing himself in the intervals of delivering pert witticisms at the coffee-stall, places us on surer ground. So do the Bow Street Police Court, with the "worthy magistrate" hearing typical charges; the Lotus Club, with its "Corinthian" portico; and St. Katherine's Wharf, with the Tower, the Custom House, and Billingsgate in the distance. "With them breeches on," says Mr. Toole to John Grumley's youthful son in the farce of *Domestic Economy*, "you won't want no umbrella;" and, with these well-known localities and incidents to gladden the eyes of pit and gallery, Messrs. Sims and Pettitt might almost be said to need no story. A story, however, there is, and a more than ordinarily complex one, wherein it is shown how Violet Chester, wrongfully convicted of robbery, and persecuted by a gang of scoundrels who would deprive her of the benefit of the confession of the real culprit, together with the vast fortune he has bequeathed her in token of his penitence, is shielded, and finally triumphantly vindicated, by her noble-spirited lover, Frank Granville. The component elements are no doubt familiar enough. The kaleidoscope has been shaken, and the variegated particles within have fallen into new devices—that is all; but the play undoubtedly interests and amuses; for its situations are dramatic, its dialogue is lively, and lastly, it is admirably acted by a numerous and excellent company. Mr. George Alexander, late of the Lyceum, who takes the place of Mr. Terriss, now absent in the United States, made a brilliant first appearance here in the part of the hero; Miss Alma Murray enacts the heroine with no great force or spontaneity, yet very pleasantly; and Miss Mary Rorke imparts to the character of the unhappy wife already referred to a strong sympathetic interest. Then there is Mr. L. Rignold who, in the character of a vulgar Jewish bill-discounter, with a comic voice and manner, a taste for quaint sayings, and a passion for fraudulent intrigues, convulses the house with laughter; so much indeed that it is no small portion of the triumph of Mr. Shine, as the hansom cabman, and Miss Clara Jecks as his affianced sweetheart, that they are enabled to give effect to the minor humours of their relations in juxtaposition with Mr. Rignold's elaborate and more highly-coloured impersonation. Mr. Beveridge's shrewd yet simple Yankee, Mr. Abingdon's broken-down lawyer, and Miss Kate James's street Arab, also well deserve a word of praise. The reception accorded to the new play on Saturday night, in spite of its perilous length, was highly favourable, and it is probably safe to predict that *London Day by Day* will figure in the Adelphi bill for many a month to come.

Saturday next is now definitively fixed by Mr. Irving for the reopening of the LYCEUM with the long-looked-for revival of *The Dead Heart*. Playgoers whose memory does not extend back so far as the days when Mr. Benjamin Webster ruled over the destinies of the Adelphi, may be interested to know that the "dead heart" referred to in the title is the property of one Robert Landry, who has been robbed of his affianced bride, Catherine Duval, by an aristocratic rival, who, to make sure of his triumph, has contrived to incarcerate Catherine's honest lover in the Bastille under a *lettre-de-cachet*. So far extends the matter of the prologue. What follows is a tale of vengeance and retribution, ending in heroic self-sacrifice in the days of the Revolution and the Terror. The opportunities which the play affords for illustrating the life and manners of those picturesque times are said to have been turned to good account under high artistic advice, guided by good authorities. According to the *Daily News*, there is to be a vivid representation of the "Carmagnole"—that terrible wild revolutionary dance which figures so picturesquely in Carlyle's History. The son of Catherine Duval, now Countess de St. Valérie—a part of some prominence—is to be

played by Miss Ellen Terry's youthful son, who, under his professional name of "Mr. Gordon Craig," will on this occasion make his first appearance on the stage.

The regular GAIETY Company, of which Miss Farren and Mr. F. Leslie are the bright particular stars, are looking forward to a cordial welcome to-night in their old quarters, after their long wandering in various parts of the world. The new burlesque of *Ruy Blas*, in which they appear, has already been tried at Birmingham, whence favourable reports have been received. On the other hand, the management of DRURY LANE have determined to postpone the re-opening of that house from to-night till Monday evening next, when the new romantic historical drama, by Messrs. Harris and Hamilton, entitled *The Royal Oak*, will be played for the first time.

TOOLE'S Theatre is shortly to be re-opened with a new farcical comedy, by Mr. F. Horner, entitled *The Bungalow*.

The management of the CRITERION have again changed their mind, and determined that their next revival shall be not Mr. Albery's *Forgiven*, but Mr. Robertson's *Caste*. Mr. David James will play Eccles, and Miss Olga Brandon, Esther.

It is stated that the GLOBE Theatre has been taken by an American actress, who will appear here next month in an American piece called *Caprice*.

Mr. Maddison Morton, the veteran author of *Box and Cox*, who was present among the many friends that gathered around the grave at the funeral of the late Mr. E. L. Blanchard, at Hanwell, last week, is to receive the honour of a complimentary benefit at the HAYMARKET on the 16th of October.

"Promising actresses" we have all heard of, but it appears that there is now a class of professional ladies who are known as "breach of promising actresses." It is in view of this fact, no doubt, that the "horsey" young nobleman in the new play at the ADELPHI exclaims, in despairing tones, "Oh, why does not somebody start a Breach of Promise Insurance Office!"

It is said that the principal procession in the next DRURY LANE pantomime will deal with old china. The Willow-pattern will presumptively play a conspicuous part on the occasion.

Proof, at the PRINCESS'S, has proved so attractive that Miss Grace Hawthorne has decided to keep it in the bills until this day week, the 28th inst. The theatre will then be shut for three weeks, for redecoration and refurnishing.

On Wednesday last, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, the Moore and Burgess Minstrels entered upon the twenty-fifth consecutive year of their entertainment in that place. A special performance of an entirely new programme was given before a large and enthusiastic audience.



OFFENBACH'S "LES BRIGANDS."—The production at the Avenue Theatre on Monday night of a hitherto unperformed version of Offenbach's *opéra bouffe*, *Les Brigands*, might have passed almost unnoticed had it not been for the fact that it excited a newspaper discussion and certain legal proceedings in which Mr. W. S. Gilbert figured. Some twenty or more years ago, before he had attained his present eminence, Mr. Gilbert made a rough adaptation of *Les Brigands*, as he declares, for little more than mere purposes of copyright. At any rate, on the production of the work at the Globe in 1871, and again on its revival in 1875, Mr. Gilbert's adaptation was not used at all, it being replaced by a version specially prepared for stage purposes by the late Henry S. Leigh. Under the circumstances Mr. Gilbert protests against the use of his name in connection with the present revival, and it must be confessed that without revision the adaptation now presented at the Avenue is, in many respects, inadequate. On the other side it is contended that the publishers, having purchased the performing as well as the publishing copyright of Mr. Gilbert's adaptation, have a right to do what they like with it; that the version, for which 100*l.* was paid, really was intended by Messrs. Boosey for stage purposes, and, furthermore, that by letter of June 5th they specially invited Mr. Gilbert to look through the libretto in view of the present production, and that this invitation, as might have been expected, was not accepted.

The public, who have little interest in the discussion, will chiefly be concerned to know whether the work, as now presented, is worth a visit to the theatre. It certainly is, as far as Offenbach's ever-effervescent melodies are concerned, and also in respect to a capital stage show, for which M. Marius is responsible, and in regard to a first-rate chorus and orchestra. The principal artists, on the other hand, were, it is believed, collected principally for a provincial tour; and criticism, from the point of view of the standard now aimed at in comic opera in London, would accordingly hardly be fair. The ladies certainly shine less as vocalists than as actresses; while the best singer of the troupe is Mr. Frank Wensley—a young tenor of whom we shall doubtless hear again. The London season of the *Brigands* can in any case be only a brief one, as the preparations are even now going forward at the Avenue for the production of Signor Tito Mattei's comic opera, entitled *The Grand Duke*.

DEATH OF DR. COLBORNE.—The sudden death, on Monday, is announced of Dr. Langdon Colborne, organist at Hereford Cathedral, and conductor of the Festival triennially held there. Dr. Colborne was born at Hackney, September 15th, 1837, and spent practically his whole life in Church and Cathedral service. His first important appointment was in succession to Sir John Stainer as organist of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, in 1860. Four years later he passed his examination, and took the degree of Mus. Bac., Cantab. He was successively organist of Beverley Minster, Wigan Parish Church, and Dorking, until in 1877 he was appointed successor to the late Mr. Townshend Smith, at Hereford. In 1883 Dr. Colborne received from the Archbishop of Canterbury the honorary degree of Mus. Doc., Cantuar. He was a thoroughly competent musician, and an admirable organist, although if the truth be told he hardly had sufficient experience in directing large orchestral and choral forces for the task imposed upon him at the three Choral Festivals. Dr. Colborne's compositions comprise several church services, half a dozen anthems, including *O Lord Our Governor and Rend Your Hearts*, besides several part and other songs. His death was sudden. Dr. Colborne had taken part as organist at the recent Gloucester Festival, and only a week before his decease he played at both services at Hereford.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—At the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts reliance is still placed upon familiar music, and no novelties have been produced. Beethoven's second symphony, which had been performed at the Classical Concert on the previous Wednesday, was repeated before a popular audience on Saturday night, when also Miss Netty Carpenter appeared. The programme of the Classical Concert on Wednesday of this week included one of Haydn's symphonies and Chopin's concerto in E minor, announced to be played by Miss Josephine Lawrence.

At Her Majesty's Theatre the usual Classical Concert was given on Friday. The best rendered item of the programme was the *Eroica* symphony. The slow movement and *finale* from Mendelsohn's Violin Concerto were on the other hand hardly well-suited to

the style of M. Tivader Nachez, but Mr. Lloyd gave a magnificent delivery of Beethoven's *Adelaide*, and of Schubert's serenade, which he sang for an encore. On Saturday M. Marteau, the French violinist who played at the Richter Concerts two seasons since, reappeared, and performed the *Ballade* and *Polonaise* of Vieuxtemps. The result of the second *plébiscite* showed that the selection from Gounod's *Faust*, headed the list with 6,419 votes, followed by the *Tannhäuser* Overture, and Mendelssohn's *Scotch* symphony, which were accordingly performed on Saturday. On Thursday of the present week a Wagner programme was promised.

DEATH OF GRATTAN COOKE.—Mr. Henry Michael Angelo Cooke, better known as "Grattan" Cooke, the famous oboe-player, died last week at a village in Sussex, where he had lived in retirement for nearly a quarter of a century. Mr. Cooke was the son of Tom Cooke, the famous glee composer, and one of the early teachers of Sims Reeves. He himself was born in the year 1810, and entered the Royal Academy of Music on the foundation of that institution in March, 1823. He remained there five years, and very soon afterwards took his place among the principal oboe performers of this country. He composed one or two operettas, and some pieces for oboe, and also for pianoforte, while for many years he was a teacher of his instrument at the Royal Academy of Music and elsewhere, and was a performer at all the best concerts. At the Birmingham Festival he made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who tried in vain to induce him to leave England, and settle in Berlin. Mr. Grattan Cooke had so long retired from public life that at the time of his death he could have been known to comparatively few music-lovers save by name.

NOTES AND NEWS.—A new serious opera, entitled *The Castle of Como*, based upon the story of Bulwer Lytton's *Lady of Lyons*, by the late Mr. Searle, and set to music by Major George Cockle, will be produced at the Opera Comique on the 28th inst.—Although, down to the early part of the present week, contracts were not yet signed, it is the intention of Señor Lago, during his forthcoming season at Covent Garden this autumn, to revive Gluck's *Orfeo*, with the Sisters Ravagli in the principal parts. Offers of engagements have also been made to Madame Sembrich, Miss Ella Russell, and Signor Masini.—Dr. Richter has been honoured by the German Emperor with the Order of the Crown of Prussia, Third Class.—It is reported, though we hope somewhat prematurely, that Madame Patti has entered into arrangements for a farewell tour of Opera at Covent Garden, extending over the seasons of 1890-91.—Mr. Charles Banks, the well-known concert tenor, is about to make his *début* at Bristol with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, in the part of Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.



THE TURF.—Semolina walked over for the Municipal Stakes on the St. Leger Day at Doncaster last week. This success, coupled with Donovan's success in the big event, brought the Duke of Portland's winnings for 1888-9 to more than 87,000*l.*, of which Donovan is responsible for rather more than half, and Ayrshire for about a third. Some very good prices were paid for some of the yearlings at the Doncaster sales. The highest was the 4,000 guineas, given by Colonel North, for a colt by St. Simon—Garonne, bred in the Laceby Stud. The Nitrate King also paid 2,500 guineas for another colt, by St. Simon—Blue Rock, and only 200 less for a third by Wisdom—Candahar. Captain Machell, who gave 1,950 guineas for Lady Isa Hawthorn, a filly by Isonomy—Lotus, Sir R. Jardine, and Mr. Hamar Bass were among the other buyers of "four figure" youngsters.

Of the races at Doncaster not already noticed, we may mention the Champagne Stakes, in which Riviera, which subsequently walked over for the Wentworth Stakes, defeated Le Nord; the Portland Plate, which fell to M. L. de Rothschild's Galloping Queen; the Rous Plate, taken by Bel Demonio; the Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate, in which St. Benedict was successful; and the Park Hill Plate, which fell to Minthe. Davenport followed up his good performance in the St. Leger by taking the Doncaster Stakes, which caused him to become an even stronger favourite for the Cesarewitch, and Claymore won the Cup. For the Cambridge-shire, that disappointing beast, Danbydale, was at the time of writing in most demand.

At Leicester this week Ben Strome secured the Maiden Plate, King of Diamonds and Franciscan ran a dead heat for the September Plate, and Memoir won the Bradford Plate for the "lucky duke." Next day the Cresswell Nursery Handicap Plate fell to Hoffman, and the Midland Nursery Handicap to Toslig. At the Western (Ayr) meeting Kells secured the Nursery Handicap Plate.

CRICKET.—The Hastings Festival has been remarkable for fine weather and bad wickets. The North could only make 89 in their first innings, but did better in the second with 240 (Lee 60, Gunn 57), and, as the South could only compile 96 and 81, eventually won easily. In the second match, between Gentlemen and Players, the "professors" made 179 (A. Ward, 50), to which the amateurs replied with 226 (Mr. Key 41). The Players made 119 (Gunn 40) in their second innings, and then the Gentlemen won a most exciting game by one wicket. Lohmann has taken more than 200 wickets in first-class matches this season.—The final tie of the Northamptonshire Challenge Cup bids fair to produce a good finish. The Enigmas have scored 354 (C. C. Marshall, 105), and 66 for no wicket, and the Grammar School Rovers, 344 (W. Marsh, curiously enough, also making 105). Play is to be resumed to-day (Saturday).

ROWING.—The Championship match has, of course, resulted in the usual amount of "talk." Searle, after offering O'Connor another match, tried to get on a match with Gaudaur, but up to the time of writing no business had resulted. Bubear and Matterson, however, have signed articles for a race over the Thames course, and Carr, the hope of the Northerners, is again throwing down the gauntlet.—In America, Teemer has been defeated by Gaudaur, and afterwards indulged in a bout of fisticuffs with Hamm, Gaudaur's trainer.—We regret to record the deaths of Mr. H. E. Rhodes, who did so much to raise Cambridge rowing to its present excellence, and of Mr. C. N. P. Brickwood, a barrister well-known in rowing circles.

THE RING.—Smith has tackled both the foreign pugilists now in England. He is to fight Slavin, the Australian, "in the old style," for 200*l.* aside, within three months, the scene of the encounter being, we are pleased to note, "outside England." He is also to box Jackson, the "coloured" Champion, ten rounds for a purse of 1,000*l.*, given by the proprietor of the Pelican Club.

FOOTBALL in the South began on Saturday, when a strong but untrained team of Casuals went down before the Royal Arsenal, Marlow defeated London Caledonians, and Chesham succumbed to Clapton.—In League matches, Preston North End scored ten goals to none against Stoke, Blackburn Rovers beat Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Derby County West Bromwich Albion, while Aston Villa and Notts County played a draw.—Several accidents have already been reported.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Kibblewhite ran three miles at the Paddington A.A.C. Meeting in 14 min. 30 2-5th sec., thus all but

lowering his own record made three weeks ago.—J. H. Adams won the Ten Miles' Bicycle Race at the Surrey B.C. Meeting on Saturday in 31 min. 10 sec. (record for a grass track).



IN THE CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY at the opening of the September Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, the Recorder remarked with great satisfaction that, although the calendar before them covered the whole period of the strike, and although it contained the names of 153 prisoners, yet there was not a single case arising out of that dispute, or in any way connected with it.

IN SEVERAL CASES OF INTIMIDATION AND ASSAULT in connection with the disturbances at the Docks after the Strike, referred to in our Home column, sentences generally of three months imprisonment with hard labour have been passed on convicted delinquents.

AT THE INQUEST, AT WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE, on the Hon. W. J. W. Fitzwilliam, M.P. for Peterborough, whose death was noticed in our last week's issue, evidence was given to show that his horse, which was going at only a gentle trot, having stumbled, fell, and was found lying on the ground insensible, with the horse's head over his body. He never recovered consciousness, and died after two days from laceration of the brain. He was a healthy man; but an injury on his head four or five years ago might have contributed to his death. The jury returned a verdict of death from accidental causes.

THE ALBERT EMBANKMENT TRAGEDY.—James Crickmer, salesman, aged twenty-five, was charged at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday with the wilful murder of George Howard, and with wounding, with intent to murder, Margaret Webb. The circumstances which led to Crickmer's arrest have previously been reported in this column. The main evidence against him was that of a carman, who repeated a statement which, he said, the accused had made to him when he himself, charged with being drunk, was with Crickmer in the waiting-room of Lambeth Police Court. Mr. Justice Charles asked the jury whether they thought that they could rely upon this evidence, and they immediately acquitted the prisoner.

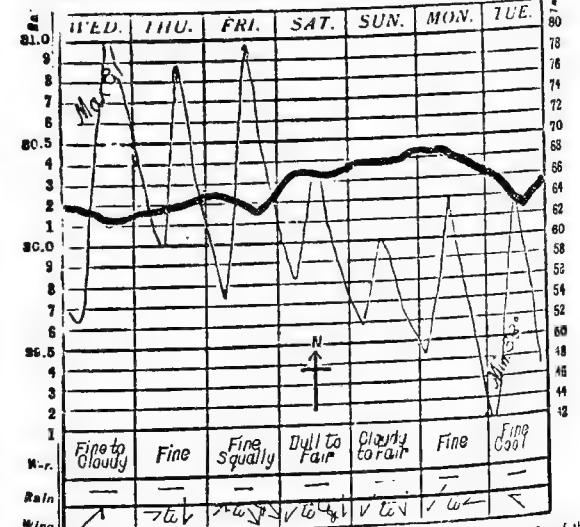
THE CHARGE OF LIBEL brought by Miss Florence St. John was concluded at the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday. The defendant, the ex-editor of the *Wasp*, having apologized, and promised to contribute 50*l.* to the Actors' Benevolent Fund and another 50*l.* towards the plaintiff's costs, the case was dismissed, he consenting to be bound over in his own recognisances in 100*l.*

THE PROPRIETOR, the servants, and a number of visitors to the Newmarket Club, Strand, where gambling had been carried on—arrested under circumstances previously detailed in this column—were brought up on remand at Bow Street on Tuesday. The proprietor was sentenced to three months' imprisonment without hard labour, and the other defendants were released on their own recognisances in 20*l.* each to refrain for the next six months from gaming or visiting gambling clubs.

AN ODD CASE OF MUSICAL ENTHUSIASM in humble life was brought to light in the West London Police Court by a gentleman who applied for advice on behalf of his female servant. She was only nineteen, and could neither read nor write; yet, while her wages were but 13*l.* yearly, she purchased a piano on the hire system, to be paid for by monthly instalments of 12*s.* 6*d.* The ambitious young woman had paid 7*l.*; but, when she failed in two instalments, her piano was taken away from her mother's house during her absence at the seaside. The magistrate advised a recourse to the County Court.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1889



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight 17th inst. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the commencement of the past week rainy, cloudy weather was experienced in the West and North, but over the greater portion of England, although misty at times, the weather was fine, bright, and very warm for the time of year. In the course of Friday (13th inst.), however, a decided change set in, and temperature decreased decidedly generally, but the air still continued dry. During the first three days barometrical pressure was somewhat unsteady, but on the whole the readings over our Islands were high, and the distribution anticyclonic. Thus, although the extreme Southern edge of a large low pressure area which lay over our West Coast at first caused some heavy local falls of rain in Ireland, these soon ceased, and subsequently, as elsewhere, the weather was extremely fine, dry, and warm. The winds, which were very light, varied a good deal in direction. After Friday (13th inst.) the distribution of pressure over our Islands became more clearly defined, an anticyclone moving from our West Coasts steadily Eastwards. Thus Northerly breezes set in very generally for a time, and while temperature decreased rapidly the sky became temporarily heavily overcast in most places. At the close of the week, pressure in the rear of the anticyclone was giving way quickly—most in the West, and while fresh to strong Southerly winds were felt in most parts of the country with very dull weather in the North and West, and some rain in Ireland, fine bright skies prevailed over the greater part of England after a very cold night inland. Temperature has been above the average in nearly all places. The highest readings, which occurred over the Central parts of England on Wednesday (11th inst.), were 80° in London, and 80° at Cambridge and at Oxford, while again on Friday (13th), 80° were registered in London. These values represent an increase above the average of 15° or more. The lowest of the minima, which occurred on Tuesday morning (17th inst.), were 35° at Oxford, 36° at Cambridge, and 38° in London; at this station an instrument on the grass showed 3° of frost.

The barometer was highest (30°43 inches) on Monday (16th inst.); lowest (30°14 inches) on Wednesday (11th inst.); range 0°29 inch.

The temperature was highest (81°) on Wednesday (11th inst.); lowest (38°)

No rain fell during this period.



THE SEASON took a good turn as soon as St. Swithin's forty days were over, and has been favourable ever since. The harvesting of corn has been completed under satisfactory conditions, while the quantity of wheat found fit for immediate threshing is considerably in excess of earlier expectations. The wheat harvest, however, has been a very dragging one, beginning July 27th, and not ending before September 14th. Last year the harvest was much later, and, at the same time, not nearly so broken. Owing to the atrocious weather of both July and August, harvest did not begin before September 1st, and the fields all over England were cleared by the 26th of the month. In 1887 harvest, which began on July 28th, was over by August 18th, and in 1884, which was a very early year, wheat-cutting began on July 20th, and was concluded by the 15th of the following month. In 1885 the dragging character of this year's harvest was nearly paralleled, wheat-cutting beginning July 25th, and not being really over before September 10th.

THE WEATHER has not been so bad, on the whole, as the wretched July and unsettled August have led us to consider it. The fact is that the two past summers, with their unsettled conditions and absence of anything like continuously fine weather, have wrecked the now all but universal summer holiday of the middle classes, and these classes, through their organs, the daily papers, have recorded experiences of the most dismal description. The fine weather this year set in very early, May and June being very fine. September resumes the good characteristics of the year. It is found that up to date there has been an accumulation of fifty-three degrees more warmth than we could lay fair claim to, nor has the rainfall been excessive. Sunshine, however, has been deficient; and the rain, if lacking in heaviness, has fallen on more than the usual number of days. Herein lies the explanation of much grumbling.

THE RIVERS certainly do not accuse the present season of excessive rainfall. The bigger streams are about two feet lower than at this time last year, and shallow rivers, which were navigable up to a certain point last autumn, put this year the point of navigation at a lower place in every case. The wells are rather low than high, and everything goes to prove not that we get too much rain, but that we get it singularly inopportune. We must go back to 1884 to find a fine August, for even the year of great heat (1887) was early in its fine weather. The sun began to shine in earnest on 30th May, and there was no break till 18th August. But the summer then came to a sudden and violent end in a terrific thunderstorm, after which there was no settled weather until well on into the autumn. No definite climatic changes seem to be revealed in the weather of the past ten years, except that August is certainly no longer "the pick of the year," while September in four seasons out of five seems to surpass the expectations founded on an earlier cycle of years.

THE IRISH HARVEST, according to reports collected, is satisfactory. A clear majority of returns from wheat growers favour the idea of a better yield than usual, and the same is the case with barley. Oats, which are very largely grown, are the subject of some disappointment. Flax, which is going out of cultivation, has yielded only moderately this year. Potatoes, on the other hand—and we all know the importance to Ireland of this tuber—are decidedly over an average crop. Mangolds are returned a small average yield, but turnips, which are satisfactory in Great Britain, are the reverse in Ireland. The meadows and pastures have yielded splendidly, and of the most succulent and nutritious hay, and the free yield of the summer has not prevented a liberal growth of aftermath.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.—At a time when a Minister of Agriculture takes his place in the Cabinet, never, in all probability, to relinquish an integral share in the national counsels, it is only just that we should recall the name of Sir John Sinclair, the first English Minister of Agriculture. The Board over which he presided for the first twenty years of the present century made, under his direction, exhaustive inquiries with respect to the state of English agriculture in all its branches. The department came to an end, owing to a fit of economy consequent on the distress prevailing in the Twenties, immediately after the historic war. The books and archives of the Department, however, must still exist, and we trust Mr. Chaplin will unearth them, aspiring rather to be the second of a dynasty of Ministers than to pose as the head of a brand new Department. The value of an Agricultural Ministry during the Corn Law agitation would have been incalculable; the suppression of the office by the Tories told against their party very seriously when the conflict of 1840-6 came upon them.

RECENT SHOWS.—The Leominster Show last week gave farmers a fair chance of seeing Herefords at their very best. The ten yearlings shown by Mr. John Price, of Pembridge, will long be remembered for their beauty and promise, nor will the almost equally fine youngsters shown by Mr. Savory, of Letton Court, be soon forgotten by visitors to the Show. The two bulls, "Radnor Boy" and "Grove Wilton," attracted much notice, and the excellent qualities of the Shropshire breed of sheep could not have been better studied than at Leominster, where the pens were not numerous, but all of them were downright good. Journeying Northwards we found at Penrith a Show comprising not less than five hundred and eleven entries, an increase of one hundred and twenty-three on last year. The Shorthorns were first class, and the whole Show was one of which Cumberland may well be proud. The Bakewell Show on September 4th was noticeable for the fine display of draught horses, while the Aylesbury meeting brought together one of the best collections of cart-horses we have ever seen at a Show.

KERRYS are a breed of cattle which have acquired far more than a merely local reputation. They are of sturdy build, though diminutive in stature. They have been getting steadily more and more widely known and appreciated, and the Royal Show at Windsor this year gave them a great lift, the Dexter Kerrys, shown by Mr. Martin John Sutton, being notable. The interest taken in them by some of our chief breeders was then very marked. We hear

that a small herd is to be formed at Windsor; and Mr. James Robertson, of Malahide, who won the Queen's Gold Medal for the Times that the selection has just been made, and the animals chosen forwarded to the Royal Farm, where the selection is considered admirable, and the animals much admired. The Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Leinster, Abercorn, and Westminster have given similar selecting commissions to Mr. Robertson; and, if we do not quite endorse the enthusiasm which recognises in the Kerry a rival to the Jersey, we can, at all events, welcome most heartily this new aspirant to the favour of English agriculturists.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Rt Hon. Sir J. Caird has been appointed Commissioner of Agriculture under Mr. Chaplin. No more popular appointment could have been made, nor a wiser one. A retired Army officer, Col. Leach, has been nominated as Secretary.—The corrected returns of grain imports into the United Kingdom for the cereal year just concluded are as follows:—Wheat and flour, 18,596,614 qrs.; barley, 5,327,290 qrs.; oats, 6,157,232 qrs.; maize, 7,835,354 qrs.; beans, 735,934 qrs.; and peas, 409,533 qrs. With the one exception of peas, these figures are uniformly above the average.—The steam or "Darby" Digger is slowly but surely increasing in use, and this season some sixteen thousand acres have been cultivated by its means. Mr. Darby, on whose sterling honesty we can rely, informs us that every farmer who has yet employed his "Digger" has preferred it to ordinary means of cultivation.—The Lord Mayor and other notables interested in the economical disposal of London sewage examined a new process at Wimbledon on Wednesday.

"OUR SONS-IN-LAW" is the title by which the Prince of Wales and the Czar are usually described in the Danish Socialist journals.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON is graphically described by a German eye-witness, who was in Khartoum at the time of its fall, and has just returned to Berlin from Africa. Herr Fricke accompanied Gordon from Cairo to the Soudan, and relates that the general up to the last was blind to his danger, as he could not believe that the people for whom he had done so much could be his enemies. Gordon never showed any excitement, but remained calm and undaunted, even when his soldiers refused to obey him through their pay being in arrears. During the last fortnight Gordon's forces fought every night, and after the engagements many deserted to the Mahdi. The Europeans urged Gordon to fly; but he firmly refused, only bidding his followers save themselves, and it was not till three days before the fall that he acknowledged, "Now it is highest time for the relieving force to arrive." Every morning he came out to inspect the soldiers, merely carrying a stick—never a sword. On the fatal morning he appeared for the inspection, as usual; and just as he came out of his house some of his own soldiers hurled their spears at him. This was the signal for a general massacre. Herr Fricke saw Gordon lying dead on the ground, and he then fled by a bye-path to the hill, and escaped in a small boat to Berber, owing his safety to having become a Mussulman—from expediency, not conviction.

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"WHO BEST CAN SUFFER BEST CAN DO."—Milton.

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!

ABOVE ALL!!!

A FEARLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY AND UNFLINCHING TRUTHFULNESS!
THE QUEEN'S PRIZE!

The Conditions laid down by the QUEEN for the Prize given by HER MAJESTY to the Marine Boys are these:—

Cheerful Submission to Superiors; Self-respect and Independence of Character; Kindness and Protection to the Weak; Readiness to Forgive Offence; a Desire to Conciliate the Differences of others; and, above all, Fearless Devotion to Duty and Unflinching Truthfulness.

"Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character IN EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE."—SMILES.



SHAKESPEARE AND DUTY :

THE PIVOT OF DUTY—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE; WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

What Higher Duty can Man attain, than Conquest over Human Pain?

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers, acute inflammatory diseases, and removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—Dear Sir,—Having taken your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it right to tell you I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures. I am never without a bottle of it in the house. It possesses three most desirable qualities—pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects. "A DEVONSHIRE LADY." "January 25th, 1889."

THE GREAT DANGER OF POISONOUS ANILINE DYES, SUGAR, PINK, OR CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET.

Experience shows that sugar, aniline dyes, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherrries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandy are all very apt to disagree, while light white wines and gin, or old whiskey, largely diluted with seltzer water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.

"During the Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M——'s splendid Cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' 'Take,' he said, 'an old soldier's advice; so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M—— gave another bottle to P——'s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and woke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards the Colonel said at mess, 'You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S FRUIT SALT,' but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally,' said the Colonel, 'I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayoobs.' After that the Colonel was always called 'Old Eno.'"

From "MESS STORIES" by PROTEUS, pp. 126-127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1889.

The value of "ENO'S FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose, without it Life is a Sham.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally a Poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

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Makes Tin
like Silver.

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Brassware
like Mirrors.
Makes
Crockery like
Marble.

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Spotless
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Will do a day's
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Spring-Cleaning
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Windows
like Crystal.
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Stair Rods.

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Cleans, Scours,
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Everything.

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Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, and Chemists everywhere. If not obtainable near you, send 4d. in stamps for Full-sized Bar, free by post; or 1s. for Three Bars, free by post (mentioning "Graphic") to

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AN OLD DICTIONARY

DR. JOHNSON'S famous "Dictionary" created so great a revolution in English lexicography, that the names and merits of its predecessors have been to a very large extent obscured and forgotten. But there were strong men before Agamemnon, and many industrious and worthy dictionary-makers before Dr. Johnson. About thirty different English dictionaries had been published between the beginning of the seventeenth century and 1755, the date of Johnson's epoch-making book. Many of these went through numerous editions. One of the most popular among many generations of students of the last century was that Dyche's Dictionary.

Of the author, the Rev. Thom. S. Dyche, very little is known. He was educated at the Free School at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and subsequently worked in London as a schoolmaster. To his old preceptor he gratefully dedicated his first publication. This was a Latin vocabulary, which was probably published in 1709, as the dedication is dated by the author from his school in Dean Street, Fetter Lane, 20th December, 1708. The book had reached a fifth edition in 1728. In 1709 he also issued a "Guide to the English Tongue," which contains his portrait in wig, gown, and bands, and is prefaced by lines addressed to "My ingenious Friend the Author," by Nahum Tate, the poet laureate. This work became a very popular school book, and went through many editions. A few years later Dyche became master of the Free School at Stratford-le-Bow, and about 1720 published a "Spelling Dictionary," which was the last of his books issued in his lifetime. The only other biographical fact known about Mr. Dyche is that, in 1719, he was cast in 300/- damages for printing and publishing a scandalous libel, reflecting upon the conduct of a then well-known John Ward, of Hackney.

The "New General English Dictionary," with which Dyche's name is most associated, was a posthumous publication, given to the world in 1735, when its author had probably been but a few years dead. It is stated on the title-page to have been originally begun by the late Rev. Mr. Dyche, and to have been finished by William Pardon, gentleman. This dictionary was compact, of a handy size, and was sold for the moderate price of six shillings. The sale was large and continuous, the successive editions varying little, save in the necessary alteration of a word or two in the title-page. This, as was then customary, gives a very full and often quaintly worded description of the contents of the book. It is stated to be "peculiarly calculated for the use and improvement of such as are unacquainted with the learned languages," and also to be "for the use of such as have but an imperfect idea of the English Orthography."

The dictionary proper is preceded by an Introduction and an abstract of English Grammar. In the Introduction we are told, in startling contrast to what is now a leading feature in all good dictionaries, that derivations and etymologies are left out of the book, because, first, of their uncertainty, and, secondly, "upon account of their Uselessness to those Persons that these sort of Books are

most helpful to, which are commonly such, whose Education, Reading, and Leisure, are bounded within a narrow Compass."

The absence of all attempt at giving derivations is much to be regretted, for many of the old dictionaries contain most amusing etymological "shots." The wildest guesses were made at the origin of words, the inquirer being generally led astray by some fancied resemblance in sound or appearance, while the key to etymology, the history of words, was entirely neglected.

Mr. Dyche, like most of the old lexicographers, includes in his work a large number of articles on persons and places of more or less importance. These form not the least interesting feature of the book. Some of the geographical articles are very long—that on England, for instance, fills nearly three pages. Many refer to very insignificant places, but sometimes contain curious items of information. At Dodbrook, in Devonshire, we are told, there is "a particular custom of paying to the parson tythe of a liquor called white ale." Eastbourne is described as "seated near the sea, and noted for the birds called wheatears, which are caught here in great numbers." Brighton is not mentioned, nor are many places of importance such as Edinburgh and Paris. Similarly unequal is the treatment of many of the words in the vocabulary proper. "Act" takes up a page, consisting almost entirely of an elaborate description of an "Act of Faith," with all its ceremonies, as prescribed and performed by the Inquisition. "Religion" fills more than two pages, and gives an account of the various religions of the world. "Eye" has nearly three columns, but "ear" only seven lines. Some of the actual definitions are curiously full—for instance, the common word "dodge" is thus defined: "To cavil, wrangle, prevaricate, waver, boggle, shuffle and cut, baffle, flinch, to fly from one thing to another, to hop or skip, to hide." Others are extremely concise: "Rightful" is simply "lawful"; "Dragant"—"a gun so called," and so with many more.

Many of the definitions are quaintly and amusingly worded. "Sand-eels," we are told, are "such as chuse to lie and live in sand." From the eel's point of view, there is probably not much choice in the matter. "Feet" are "the pedestals upon which men or other creatures walk;" "gale" is a "sea term for a currency of air," which is at least a mild way of putting it. "Labour-in-vain" has an article to itself, and is "any fruitless attempt, such as the washing a blackamoar white." "Lily-white," we are gravely informed, is a "mock name for a chimney-sweeper." "Deosculatōn" is "an hearty or eager kissing a person with much affection and pleasure," and "charmer" is "a complimentary term applied by lovers to their mistresses." Sometimes the information is rather surprising, as when we are told that "dreary" is "an old word still retained by the poets," and that "sash" sometimes means "a girdle used to tie men's night-gowns with."

A few unusual words are found. "Foy" is said to be "a treat given by a person to his friends or acquaintance upon his change of, or bettering, his station in life, removing to a new habitation, going or setting out upon a journey, putting on new cloths, &c."

The lovely word "circumagzeration" means a heaping round about. "Anasarcia" is "a kind of dropsy, that fills the whole body with pituitous humours," a definition that seems itself to stand in need of explanation. The word "travally," defined as "a particular beat of drum that goes round or through a camp, garrison, &c., in the morning," would appear to be a sadly mangled version of the *reveille*. Perhaps the most remarkable entry is the following:—"Monosceles, people of Ethiopia, whom the ancients reported had *Sciopeles*, because their feet would shadow the body."

Some words would appear, from the definitions, to have then had significations other than those they now bear; a bibliographer is said to be "a bookseller, a trader in books," and a novelist, "an Chromatic" is curiously defined as "one who never blushes, or whose colour never changes." The following explanation of "knave" is interesting and accurate: knave "when applied to Children, is a familiar word of pleasure; and anciently, signified a servant; so in the old translation of the Bible, it is rendered *Paul*, posing, rascally fellow."

Interesting references to old customs and practices occasionally occur. "Beverage" is defined as "a small treat of wine, ale, &c., commonly claimed by, and given to, a person's intimate acquaintance at the first wearing a new suit of clothes." At the present day, in some parts of England, the word in this sense and the custom are both still familiar. In Ulster, when a lady wears a new dress for the first time, she is said "to give the beverage of it" to the first person whom she kisses after donning it. Under "faggot," the statement that, "in the Army, it is a term for an ineffective man, who receives no pay, nor does any regular duty, but only appears occasionally at a muster," would seem to suggest a probable origin of the "faggot-voter."

A few slang words are given in Mr. Dyche's Dictionary: "Noose, in the *Cant Language*, means both to marry and to hang;" "Betty," which is still occasionally used for a burglar's crowbar; "dust," a slang word for money, dating from the seventeenth century; and "kid" for a child, are, with others of a similar kind, duly entered. "Diver" and "diving," which were, in the earlier part of the last century, colloquially used for the pickpocket and his trade, also find places. Gay warns the walker of London streets not to mix with any gathering crowd, for

Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight,
And unelt fingers make thy pocket light.

One of Dyche's predecessors, Elisha Coles, "Schoolmaster, and Teacher of the Tongue to Foreigners," who published a dictionary in 1676, included a large number of slang words and phrases; for, he said, "tis no disparagement to understand the Canting Terms. It may chance to save your Throat from being cut, or (at least) your Pocket from being pick'd."

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Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/9 each. NURSERY DIAPER, 4/3d. per yd. REAL IRISH LINEN SHEETING, fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yd. Surplus Linen, 7d. per yd. Huckaback TOWELS, 4/6 per dozen.

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Ladies' Size, 2/3; Gents' Size, 3/6 per dozen. Samples and Price Lists Free to all Parts equal in appearance to finest Indian Silk, may be had in Printed or Plain Colours. Every shade guaranteed perfectly fast. Washes beautifully for Patterns, of this lovely Material.

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Simla, January 5, 1880.

J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

Dear Sir.—We congratulate you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours,

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Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

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SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S. Sc. C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's Green, W., Dublin, reports:

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